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SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

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CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH JAMES BEGINS HIS CAREER.

ALGERNON's children had departed for London. Captain Tom, having had the confessed moiety of his debts paid, was at Dublin with his regiment. Arthur was back at his tutor work; no one was left with the Squire but the golden-haired child Anne.¹

Once Silcote had a son, some say the best loved of all, who rebelled against him and his hard strained authority and coarse words, who left his house in high disdain, casting him off with scorn, and rendering the breach between them utterly irreparable by marrying a small tradesman's daughter. He got some small clerkship in Demerara, where he died in a very few years—as men who suddenly wrench up every tie and association are apt to die—of next to nothing. His pretty and good little wife followed him

soon, and Anne was left to the mercies of a kind sea captain, who had brought them over. The first intimation which Silcote had of his son's death was finding a seafaring man waiting in his hall one day with a bright little girl of about three years old. Silcote heard the story of his son's death in dead silence, accepted the child, and then coolly began to talk on indifferent nautical matters with the astounded mariner. He kept him to lunch, plied him with rare and choice liquor of every kind, and was so flippant and noisy, that the bemuddled sailor quitted the house under the impression that Silcote was the most unfeeling brute he had ever met in his life. It was Silcote's humour that he should think so, and he had his wish.

From this time she never was allowed to leave him. He was never ostentatiously affectionate to her before other people, but they must have had a thoroughly good understanding in private, this queer couple, for she was not only not a bit afraid of him, but absolutely devoted to him. She was never thwarted or contradicted in any way, and was being educated by her aunt.

Such treatment and such an education would have spoilt most children. Anne was a good deal spoilt, but not more so than was to have been expected. She used to have bad days,—days in which

¹ In the first number, in consequence of a somewhat hurried preparation for the press, this young lady was inadvertently made to change names with her cousin Dora. Dora's name had stood as Dora for eighteen months, but, when the author lately altered the title of his story, he altered his old favourite's name to one more sedate, and at the last moment changed his mind for the second time. Hence the mistake. Dora is Algernon's daughter, of whom we shall hear quite enough in the next chapter.

everything went wrong with her; days which were not many hours old when her maid would make the discovery, and announce it pathetically, that Miss had got out of bed the wrong side. We will resume her acquaintance on one of these days, and see her at her worst.

Silcote hated the servants to speak to him unless he spoke first, and then, like most men who shut themselves from the world, would humiliate himself by allowing them to talk any amount of gossip and scandal with him. Anne's conduct had, however, been so extremely outrageous this morning that, when Silcote had finished his breakfast, had brooded and eaten his own heart long enough, and ordered Anne to be sent to him to go out walking, the butler gratuitously informed him, without waiting for any encouragement to speak, that "Miss was uncommon naughty this morning, and had bit the Princess."

"What has she been worrying the child about? The child don't bite me. Fetch her here."

Anne soon appeared, dressed for walking, in a radiant and saintlike frame of mind. She was so awfully good and agreeable that any one but that mole Silcote would have seen that she was too good by half. One of the ways by which Silcote tried to worry himself into Bedlam (and he would have succeeded, but for the perfect healthiness of his constitution) was this,—he would take up an imaginary grievance against some one, and exasperate himself about it until he was half mad. Any one who gives himself up to the vice of self isolation, as Silcote had for so many years, may do the same; may bring more devils swarming about his ears than ever buzzed and flapped round the cell of a hermit. He did so on this occasion. He got up in his own mind a perfectly imaginary case against the poor long-suffering Princess for ill-using Anne, and went, muttering and scowling out for his morning's walk, with Anne, wonderfully agreeable and exquisitely good, beside him.

They went into the flower-garden first, and Anne, with sweet innocence,

asked if she might pick some flowers. Of course he said Yes; and, after walking up and down a quarter of an hour, the head-gardener came to him, and respectfully gave him warning. When Silcote looked round, he frankly asked the man to withdraw his warning, and told him that he would be answerable it did not occur again. Anne had distinguished herself. In a garden, kept as M'Croskie kept that at Silcote's, you can soon do twenty pounds' worth of damage. Anne had done some thirty. Thunbergias, when clumsily gathered, are apt to come up by the root, and you may pull up a bed before you get a satisfactory bunch. Araucarias, some of them, form very tolerable backs for bouquets, but they were very expensive then. Also, if you pull away haphazard at a bed of first-class fuchsias, have a rough-and-tumble fight with a Scotch terrier in a bed of prize calceolarias, and end by a successful raid on the orchis-house, destroying an irreplaceable plant for every blossom you pluck, you will find that thirty pounds won't go very far, and that no conscientious gardener will stay with you. Anne had done all this, and more.

Silcote got the head-gardener to withdraw his resignation; and then, keeping hold of Anne's hand, passed on to the stable-yard without having attempted any remonstrance with her. If she had burnt the house down it would have been just the same. As he stood at that time he was a perfect fool. Hard hit, years and years ago, in a tender place, he had, as he expressed it, "fled from the world,"—from the world which was spinning all round him. He had brought himself to confess that he had been unjust and hard to this child's father, and he was, in his way, atoning for it by ruining the child by over-indulgence, as he had ruined her father by selfish ill-temper. It is hardly worth talking about. When a man takes to revenging himself on the whole world for the faults of one or two by withdrawing himself into utter selfishness, his folly takes so many forms that it gets unprofitable to examine them in

detail. Let us leave Silcote reading his Heine and his Byron, and let him, as much as possible, speak for himself in future. Novels must be interesting now-a-days, and the inner life of a man, who is everlastingly bellowing out the great everlasting *I*, is not interesting. A man's "Iamity"—to use a word taken from Mr. Lewes's witty account of his transcendental friend—is but a dull business. Let us clear the ground by saying that Silcote conceived himself to have suffered an inexpressible wrong, that he had nursed and petted that wrong instead of trying to forget and forgive it, and that he had brooded so long over his original wrong that, on the principle of *crescit indulgens*, he had come to regard everything as a wrong, and very nearly to ruin both his life and his intellect. Well did the peasantry call him the "Dark Squire." The darkness of the man's soul was deep enough at this time, and was to be darker still; but there was a dawn behind the hill, if it would only rise, and in the flush of that dawn stood Arthur and Anne. Would the dawn rise over the hill, and flush Memnon's temples, till he sang once more? Or would the dark hurtling sand-storms always rise betwixt the statue and the sun, until the statue crumbled away?

Wherever Anne went that morning she was naughtier and naughtier. In the fowl-yard she hunted the largest peacock, and pulled out his tail; and, if she behaved ill in the fowl-yard, she was worse in the stable, and worse again in the kennels. She carefully put in practice all the wickedness she knew—luckily not much, but, according to her small light, that of a Brinvilliers, unrestrained by any law, for her grandfather never interfered with her, and her uncle Arthur was miles away. Children can go on in this way, being very naughty with perfect good temper, for a long time; but, sooner or later, petulance and passion come on, and hold their full sway until the child has stormed itself once more into shame and good behaviour. As one cannon shot, or one thunder growl, will bring down the

rain when the storm is overhead, so, when a child has been persistently bad for some time, the smallest accident, or the smallest cross, will bring into sudden activity the subdued hysterical passion, which has, in reality, been the cause of a long system of defiant perversity. Anne's explosion, inevitable, as her shrewd grandfather had seen with some cynical amusement, came in this way.

At the kennel she had asked for a Scotch terrier puppy as a present; and, of course, her grandfather had given it to her. She had teased and bullied it ever since, until at last, when they had gone to the end of a narrow avenue of clipped yews which led to the forest, and had turned homewards, she teased the dog so much that it turned and bit her.

She was on the homeward side of her grandfather, and came running back to him, to put in force the child's universal first method of obtaining justice, that of *telling* the highest available person in authority. "I'll tell mamma," or "I'll tell your mother, as sure as you are born:" who has not heard those two sentences often enough? The puppy had bit Anne; and she, white with rage, ran back to tell her grandfather.

"He has bit me, grandpa. You must have seen him bite me. The woman saw him, for I saw her looking."

"The woman?" said Silcote, "what woman?" He turned as he spoke, and found himself face to face with the woman,—Mrs. Sugden, who had come out of the forest end of the alley, and was standing close to him.

Very beautiful she was, far more beautiful than he had thought when he had seen her first. The features perfect, without fault; the complexion though browned with field labour, so exquisitely clear; the pose of the body, and the set of the features, so wonderfully calm and strong. Her great grey eyes were not on him, though he could see them. They seemed to Silcote the cynical to be sending rays of pity and wonder upon the passionate child, as indeed they were. And, while

he looked, this common labouring woman, with the cheap cotton gown, turned her large grey eyes on him, Silcote, the great Squire; and in those eyes Silcote saw perfect fearlessness, and infinite kindness; but he saw more than the eyes could show him. The eye, as a vehicle to carry one man's soul to another, has been lately very much overrated: Silcote, as a barrister, knew this very well; the eye to him was a good and believable eye, but what said the eyebrows? Their steady expansion told him of frankness and honesty, forming an ugly contrast to the eyebrows he saw in the glass every morning. What said the mouth? Strength and gentleness. What said the figure? Strength, grace, and wild inexorable purpose in every line of it.

So she was in silence and repose: in speech and action how different! How reckless the attitude, how rude and whirling the words!

"Silcote, you are making a rod for your back in your treatment of that child. She'll live to break your heart for you. Why do you not correct her!—Come here, child; what is the matter?"

The astonished child came and told her.

"You should not have teased him, then. You are naughty, and should be punished. Silcote, will you let me walk and talk with you?"

"Yes, if you won't scold me. You made a fine tirade the last time I spoke to you about the vices of our order. I wonder you are not afraid to walk with me."

"I am neither afraid of you nor of any other man, thank you. I certainly am not afraid of you, because you were originally not a very bad man, and have only come to your present level by your own unutterably selfish conceit. That there is no chance of mending you now I am quite aware: but still I have come to ask you a great favour, a favour which will cost you trouble and money. Mend your ways for this once, and grant my request, and afterwards—"

"Go to the deuce, hey?"

"By no means. I mean something quite different from that. You have not, I believe, done an unselfish thing for twenty years. Five-and-twenty is nearer the mark; you have been eating your own heart, and reproducing your own nonsense, ever since your first wife's death. Make a change. Do me this favour, and it will become easier to you to do others. In time, if you live long enough, you may be a man again. Come!"

He was not a bit surprised at her tone. She had startled him at his first interview with her, but that surprise had worn off. Let a man for twenty years shut himself into a circle of perfectly commonplace incidents and thoughts, the outside edge of that circle will become too solid to be easily broken. New facts, new phenomena, new ideas, may indent that outside edge; but the old round whirls on, and, before the "wheel has come full circle" again, the dent is gone, as in a fused planet, some wart of an explosive volcano, is merely drawn to the equator, only leaving one of the poles flattened to an unappreciable degree. Mrs. Sugden, like Arthur, had dinged the outside edge of his selfishness. He soon became accustomed to both of them. The globe remained intact: either there must be an internal explosion, or it would spin on for ever.

He answered her without the least hesitation or surprise. She was only a strong-minded woman in cotton, with a deuce of a tongue, and a history: possibly a queer one, though she said it wasn't. She was a new figure, and to a certain extent odd, but his last recollections of life were in a court of law, and he had seen odder figures there. He was perfectly content that she should walk up and down the garden with him, speaking on terms of perfect equality. Besides, she was clever, and bizarre, and required answering, and after so many years he had got tired of worrying his sister; and it was a new sensation to have a clever woman to face, who would give scorn for scorn, and not succumb with exasperating good nature.

"You say you are come to ask a

favour, the granting of which will cost trouble and money. I love money, and hate trouble. You have gone the wrong way to work."

"I am sorry for that, Silcote, because the thing I want done must be done, and you must do it. I really must have it done. Therefore, if you will be kind enough to point out how I have gone wrong, I will follow your directions and begin all over again; only you must do what I require. If you grant that, as you must, I will go to work in any way you choose to dictate."

"I can't go on twisting words about with a woman, who not only commits for herself *ignoratio elenchii* and *petitio principii*, in the same breath, but also invents and uses some fifty new fallacies, never dreamt of by Aristotle or Aldrich. What do you want done?"

"You remember a conversation we had the week before last?"

"There she goes. There's your true woman. Violates every law of reason and logic; then, when you put her a plain question, asks you whether you remember a conversation you held with her the week before last. No, I don't legally remember that conversation. I would perish on the public scaffold sooner than remember a word of it. I ask you what you want me to do, and I want an answer."

"Do you know my boy?"

"No."

"You do."

"Then, as I never contradict a lady, I lie. But I don't all the same."

"You came after him the week before last, and you wanted him for a groom."

"That may be, but I don't know him. I have seen more of the Lord Lieutenant than I have of him; but I don't know the Lord Lieutenant, and I don't want to. He is a Tory, and I never know Tories. How do I know that your boy is not a Tory? Now, what do you want of me?"

"I wish you would leave nonsense, Silcote, and come to the point."

"I wish you would leave beating about the bush, and come to the point."

"I will. You do know my boy, Squire, don't you?"

"There she goes again. I knew she would. Who ever could bring a woman to the point? No, I don't know your boy. I have told you so before. I ask you again, what do you want with me?"

"We shall never get on like this," said Mrs. Sugden.

"I don't think we shall," said Silcote.

"But come, you odd and very queerly-dressed lady, confess yourself beaten, and I will help you out of your muddle."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Sugden.

"Then we have come to a hitch. We had better come into the garden and have some peaches."

She was silent for a moment, and then she took his hand. "Squire," she said, "for the first time in twenty-five years will you be serious,—will you be your old and better self? Instinct partly, and rumour partly, tell me that you were not always the foolish and unhappy man you are now. Help me, Silcote, even though I come asking for help with strange rude words in my mouth. Throw back your memory for forty years, before all this miserable misconception arose; try to be as you were in the old, old time, when your mother was alive, and that silly babbling princess-sister of yours was but a prattling innocent child—and oh, Silcote, help me, I am sorely bested!"

She laid her delicate, though brown right hand in Silcote's right, as she said this, and he laid his left hand over hers as she spoke, and said, "I'll help you." And so the past five-and-twenty years were far the moment gone, and there rose a ghost of a Silcote who had been, which was gone in an instant, leaving an echo, which sounded like "Too late! Too late!" He held still the hand of this peasant-woman in his, and the echo of his last speech, "I will help you," had scarcely died out among the over-arching cedars.

"I know you will. I knew you would. Listen, then. We have had a long and happy rest here, in the little

cottage in the beech forest. You have known nothing of us, but you have been a good landlord, and we thank you. I fear the time has come when we must move forward again, and the world is a wide and weary place, Squire, and I am not so young as I was, and we are very, very poor; but we must be off on the long desolate road once more."

"Stay near me, and I will protect you."

"Nay, that cannot be. It is my boy I wish to plead for. I cannot condemn him to follow our fate. I must tear my heart out and part with him. Oh, my God, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

The outbreak of her grief was wild and violent for a time, and the Squire respected it in silence. The child now rambling far away among the flowers for a moment, wondered what her grandfather had said to make the strange woman cry.

"I will not allow him to be a domestic servant; but see, you are a governor of St. Mary's Hospital. Give him, or get him, a presentation there, and he is made for life. It is a poor innocent little thing, Squire, but I have educated him well for his age, and he is clever and good. Let me plead for him. What a noble work to rescue one life from such a future as will be his fate if he remains in our rank of life! And a mother's thanks are worth something. Come, rouse yourself, and do this."

"I will do it, certainly," replied the Squire. "But think twice before you refuse all offers of assistance from me."

"I cannot think twice; it is impossible."

"Your boy will be utterly separated from you. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes. I have resolutely inflicted that agony on myself, until use has deadened the pain."

"Have you reflected that it will be a severe disadvantage to your son for his companions to know that his parents are of such a humble rank in life, and that therefore you should not go and see him there?"

"I have suffered everything except the parting. If I can bear that, I shall live."

"Your son's path and your's separate from this moment. As years go on the divergence will be greater, so that death itself will scarcely make a parting between you. Are you resolute?"

"I am quite resolute. Spare me."

"I will. God help you on your weary road, since you will take no help from man. Good-bye."

Silcote had given his last presentation to St. Mary's to his butler's boy, and he had no presentation to give. His time would not have come for years. But he said nothing about this, and never asked himself whether Mrs. Sugden was aware of the fact or no. Fifty pounds will do a great deal—even buy a couple or four votes; and the next boy presented to the board of governors of St. Mary's was little James Sugden. The iron gates shut on him, and the old world was dead; only a dream of freedom and hardship. Instead, was a present reality of a gravelled yard, bounded by pointed windows; of boys who danced round him the first few days, and jeered at him, but among whom he found his place soon; of plenty to eat and of regulated hours. A good, not unkindly place, where one, after a time, learnt to be happy and popular. A great place, with the dim dull roar of the greatest city in the world always around it; bounded by the tall iron gates, outside which one had once seen a tall grey figure standing and watching. There was a new world of emulation and ambition inside those gates, but there was an old world outside which would not get itself forgotten for months. So that at times James awakened in his bed in the dark midnight, and cried for his mother; but time goes fast with children, and the other boys pelted boots and hard things at him, and laughed at him, which was worse. In six months the mother was only a dim old dream, dear enough still, but very old, getting nearly forgotten. Would you have it otherwise? I would, but the wise ones say No.

And at home! How fared the poor patient mother in this case? Oh, you children, you children, have you any idea of your own unutterable selfishness? And, to make you more utterly selfish, they give you cakes and bright half-crowns, which you eat and spend while the poor mother at home lies sleepless. One of the most beautiful touches in that most beautiful book, "Tom Brown" (a book which only yesterday was as fresh and as good as ever), is the infinite grief of Tom when he finds that his letter has not been sent, and that his mother must have thought him faithless to his last solemn promise for three days. Little bitter griefs like this, or Maggie Tulliver starving her brother's rabbits, or Mr. Van Brunt falling down the ladder and breaking his leg, seem, it is pleasant to reflect, to affect the public quite as much as the fiercest tragedies. But Tom Brown was no ordinary boy, any more than Maggie Tulliver was an ordinary girl. Children, for the most part, are selfish. James Sugden was no ordinary boy, either; but in the new burly-burly into which he found himself thrust, where every boy's hand was good-naturedly against him, his mother's image was gone from his mind but very few months after her body had passed away from the gate. Only in the watches of the night this dearly loved one came back to him, and proved that, though she might be forgotten in the day time, with all its riot and ambition, yet she was as dearly loved in his inmost heart as ever.

James Sugden the elder sat, in the evening, at the door of his cottage, sadly, with his face buried in his hands. It was a solemn September evening; the days were drawing in, and the chilly air, and the few first golden boughs, told of the long winter which was coming. The Oxfordshire wolds were getting dim, and the western reaches in the river were getting crimson, when along the valley below, a little column of steam fled swiftly, and a little train slid across a bridge, and into a wood, and was gone. Then he arose, and, having made some

preparations, went out and watched again.

Not for long. Far across the broad darkening fields his keen sight made out a figure advancing steadily towards him. The footpath crossed the broad fields at different angles, and sometimes the figure was lost behind hedges, or outstanding pieces of woodland, but he was sure of its identity, and sure that it was solitary. It was lost to his sight when it entered the denser forest which fringed the base of the hill; but he knew which way it would come, and advanced across the open glade to meet it. He was at the stile when Mrs. Sugden came out from the wood, tired, pale, and dusty with her walk from Twyford, and she put her arm round his neck, and kissed his cheek.

They fenced a little at first. James said, "I thought you would come by that train. I saw it go by, and watched for you."

"It is a nice train. It's express, you know; but the country gentlemen have made them drop a carriage at Twyford; but there is no third class, and that makes eighteenpence difference, and the money is running so very short. And so you saw the branch train run along, did you? I wouldn't come to Shiplake; the walk is nearly as great, and there's the getting across the river."

And so they fenced, as they were walking together towards their cottage. As a general rule, women are braver than men; but on this occasion James showed the greater valour, by introducing first the subject nearest to both their hearts. He said, "You must tell me about it."

And she said, "It is all over."

He said, "Not quite, sister. I want to know how he went off. Come. Only one more tooth out, sister. Let me know how the boy went off. Now or never, while the wound is raw and fresh; and then leave the matter alone for ever."

"If you will have it, Jim, he went off very well. Cried a deal; quite as much as you'd expect any boy to cry who believed that he was going to see his mother again in a fortnight. I told him so, God help me! Sent his love to you: is that

any odds? Now it's all over, and I wish to have done with it. You've been a kind and loving brother to me, James, as God knows, and I have been but a poor sister to you. I have worried you from pillar to post, from one home to another, until I thought we had found one here. And now I have to say to my dear, stupid old brother, '*Toddle* once more.' Oh, James, my dear brother! if I could only see you settled with a good wife, now; you have been so faithful and so true, you have given up so much for me."

A very few days afterwards, the steward was standing at his door, in the early dawn, when the Sugdens came towards him, and left the key of their cottage, paying up some trifle of rent. They were expedited for travelling, he noticed, and had large bundles. Their furniture, they told him, had been fetched away by the village broker, and the fixtures would be found all right. In answer to a wondering inquiry as to where they were going, James merely pointed eastward, and very soon after they entered the morning fog, bending under their bundles, and were lost to sight.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTHUR SILCOTE MAKES THE VERY DREADFUL AND ONLY FIASCO OF HIS LIFE.

For two years there was no change worthy of mention, save that the muddle and untidiness in Lancaster Square grew worse instead of better, and Algernon's health suffered under the hopeless worry, which ever grew more hopeless as time went on.

Dora had grown into a fine creature, pretty at present with the universal prettiness of youth, but threatening to grow too large for any great beauty soon. Reggy had, likewise, grown to be a handsome, but delicate-looking, youth: with regard to the others we need not particularize. The pupils had been succeeded by two fresh ones, one of whom, a bright lad of sixteen, by name Dempster, was staying over the

Christmas vacation—his father having returned to India—and supposed himself to be desperately in love with Dora, who received his advances with extreme scorn.

Old Betts was there still, not changed in the least, to the outward eye. He used to go to the city every day, look into the shops, and come home again; at least, that was all he ever seemed to do: but it turned out afterwards that sometimes some of his old friends would, half in pity, half in contempt, throw into his way some little crumbs in the way of commission. Betts had carefully hoarded these sums, and kept his secret from Algernon, nursing it with great private delight until that morning; but Algernon's worn look had drawn it from him prematurely. He had been accumulating it for years, he told Algy, and there it was. He had meant to have kept it until it was a hundred pounds, and have given it to Algernon on his birthday. But it had come on him that morning that it lay with him to make the difference between a sad Christmas and a merry one; and who was he to interpose a private whim between them and a day's happiness? So there it was, ninety-four pounds odd; and it was full time to start across for church, and the least said, the soonest mended. Algernon had said but little, for he was greatly moved, and he preached his kindly, earnest Christmas sermon with a cleared brow and a joyful voice which reflected themselves upon the faces of many of his hearers, and gladdened them also.

Algernon had been vexed and bothered for some time about his Christmas bills. This contribution of Mr. Betts towards the housekeeping relieved him from all anxiety, and made a lightness in his heart which had not been there for years. Firstly, because he found himself beforehand with the world; and, secondly, because it showed him Betts in a new light. Mr. Betts had been vulgar, ostentatious, and not over-honest in old times—had been cringing and somewhat tiresome in the later ones. But he had distinctly and decidedly done a kind action in a graceful and

gentlemanly way. Anything good delighted Algy's soul; and here was something good. He and Betts were an ill-assorted couple, brought together by the ties of chivalrous kind-heartedness on the one hand, and of sheer necessity on the other; and this action of Mr. Betts drew them closer together than they had ever been before. It reacted on Betts himself with the best effects. It removed that wearing sense of continual humiliating obligation, which too often, I fear, makes a man hate his kindest friend; and caused him to hold his head higher than he had held it for a long time. As he told Algernon over their modest bottle of sherry after dinner, when the children had gone to the Regent's Park to see the skaters, he felt more like a man than he had ever felt since his misfortune. When Algy said, in reply, that he thanked God that his misfortune had been so blessed to him, he did not speak mere pulpit talk, but honestly meant what he said. If you had driven him into a corner, he, I think, with his inexorable honesty, would have confessed that what he meant was, that Betts, although he still dropped his h's and ate with his knife, was becoming more of a gentleman—consequently more of a Christian—consequently nearer to the standard of Baliol or University. Algy's Christianity was so mixed with his intense Oxfordism, that to shock the latter was, I almost fancy, for a moment to weaken the former. Who can wonder at it? Three years of perfect happiness had been passed there. Alma Mater had been (forgive the confusion of metaphor) an Old Man of the Mountain to him, and had admitted him into Paradise for three years. He was bound to be a mild and gentle Assassin for her for the rest of his life.

We must leave him, in the beams of the first sunshine which had fallen on him for some years, to follow the very disorderly troop that posted off, with their early Christmas dinner in their mouths, to see the skaters in the Regent's Park. They were a very handsome, noisy, and disorderly group, and the

inexorable laws of fiction compel me to follow them, and use them as a foil; because their leader, Miss Lee, was louder, more disorderly, and a hundred times more beautiful than the whole lot of them together.

If she had been less thoroughly genial and good-humoured it would have been (for some reasons) much better. If she had been less demonstrative in the streets it would have been much better. If she had been less noisy and boisterous, it would have been a great deal better still. If she had not been so amazingly beautiful, one could have excused all her other shortcomings. But here she was, and one must make the best of her: beautiful, attractive, boisterous, noisy; ready at any moment to enter into an animated and friendly discussion with a policeman, or for that matter a chimney-sweep: with a great tendency to laugh loudly at the smallest ghost of a joke, and perfectly indifferent as to whether she stood on the pavement, in the gutter, or in the middle of the road. There she was, in short, her real self; as she was at that time. A mass of kindness, vitality, and good humour; half spoilt by her imperfect training, and further spoilt by the respectful indulgence she had been used to in Algernon's house; but as clever as need be.

"I can't think why it is," said Algernon once, in answer to a remonstrance of Arthur's about this young lady (little he knew what was in store for him). "She was not boisterous when she first came to me. There was not a quieter girl anywhere. She can't have learnt to be noisy from me. I am sure I ain't a noisy man."

But Miss Lee had had the bit between her teeth so long that at all events she was very noisy. And she had another *specialité* which I think is common to all young ladies of excessive vitality and good humour, who are not accustomed to control of any kind. If she saw any one of either sex doing anything, she must straightway, on the spot, do that thing herself. On their first starting, for instance, Dempster, the pupil, illegally,

and in defiance of Her Majesty's peace, throne, and government, &c. &c., went down a slide. Miss Lee promptly essayed to do the like, regardless of time or place. Now the three or four winters which Miss Lee had passed in London had been mild, and sliding is not an art practised in Devonshire; firstly, because in nine years out of ten there is no ice there, and secondly because, when there is, its inclination—in consequence of the peculiar formation of the country—may, I believe, be scientifically described as that of the hypotenuse of a tallish right-angled triangle, with one of the sides containing the right angle parallel to the horizon. From whatever reason, however, Miss Lee had never tried sliding before, and so came down on the back of her head in the street, and began to think that she was enjoying herself.

With her kindly, uncontrollable vivacity, in the brisk winter air she became more "berserk" as she went on. She was only twenty or so, and life was a very glorious and precious possession to her. An honest, innocent, childish creature, who had only lately found out that she was a child no longer, and wanted a lover whom she could tease and make run about for her. She knew how to treat lovers from an infinite number of novels; only she had not got one yet. She wanted one sadly; what woman does not? She was not utterly unconscious of her wonderful beauty, and she was thinking, on this very afternoon, whether Dempster, the pupil, was not old enough to be made a fetch-and-carry lover of: and she came to the conclusion that he was not old enough to stand it, and that she might still find a rival in raspberry tarts. This day, for the last time in her life, she was nothing more than a wild school-girl. Remember that she had no mother, no cultivation, and for three or four years no control whatever. If she was an unworthy person, she would not be mentioned here.

It is not necessary to follow Miss Lee and her charge through their long afternoon's walk. It might be funny; but we don't want to be funny. Enough to

say that, what with 'good health, good humour, youth, and a natural enough carelessness of appearance, she committed a hundred small indiscretions, and arrived home by much the most boisterous of the party. And, after a short scrambling and riotous tea, they all took to blind-man's-buff as a sedative.

When every one had got more tangled and excited than ever; when Algernon was laughing fit to split his sides; when Mr. Betts, intensely interested and enthusiastic, had, as blind man, walked bang into the fire and burnt himself, under the belief, Dora wickedly suggested, that Miss Lee was up the chimney; then Miss Lee herself proposed that they—with a view to rest and quiet themselves before supper and snap-dragon—should have a game of hide-and seek all over the house. It was voted by acclamation; and, during the acclamations, one of the junior Silcotes, who are practically out of this story, fell down stairs, with such a thumping of his soft body on the stair carpet, such a rattling of the nearly equally soft head of him against the banisters, and such a clatter of loose stair-boards which he brought after him in the catastrophe, that they were all quiet for nearly five seconds, until his frantic father had dashed down, and found him lying in the hall unhurt, under the impression that he had distinguished himself, and done the thing of the evening! Then they began their hide-and-seek.

Mr. Betts hid first; but Dora contemptuously walked up to him, and took him from behind the scullery door. Then Reginald hid, and with amazing dexterity got *home* into the front parlour through the folding doors which connected that room with his father's study, which was the back parlour on the first floor (perpend it for yourselves in a twelve-roomed house; you will find it come right, for I saw it. I might describe the spreading of bread and butter, or the baking of cakes, but I must not dwell on a game of hide-and-seek). After this, Dora had hid, but Dempster the pupil had found her, and the rest of them found that Dora had lost her

temper. A rude boy, I fear, that Dempster, though neither of them said anything about it afterwards. Perhaps an ill-achieved kiss may be worth a sound box on the ears, and a week's sulks. That is a matter in which only the first parties are concerned. Then, when confusion and fun were rapidly growing into mad hurly-burly, it became Miss Lee's turn to hide.

At this time, also, it became Arthur Silcote's turn—after having preached for, and also dined with, a Balliol man in the neighbourhood—to step across to his brother to see how he was getting on, to knock at the door, to be admitted instantly by a grinning maidservant, and, on inquiring about the noise in the house, to be told, by that confused and delighted young person, that they were playing at blind-man's-buff, and that his niece, Miss Dora, was at that same moment hiding behind the study curtains.

I dread going on. I am afraid of telling the awful catastrophe which followed. It is very dreadful, but there is not a bit of harm in it, and it might happen to any one to-morrow. Arthur knew the way perfectly well; and he, the preux chevalier of Balliol, the man who was considered a perfect prig about women among men quite as particular as he, then and there, believing that it was his little niece Dora, lugged out Miss Lee from behind the curtain, kissed her, called her his dear little pussy, and then, putting his two hands behind her waist, jumped her towards the door, just as Dora and the whole party came in with a candle, Dora saying, "Don't tell me; *I know* she is here." She was indeed. And so was her uncle.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO MORE GUESTS.

"Nec coram," &c. Let us not follow out the details of a great catastrophe till it becomes familiar and ridiculous. Honest Jules Janin gave us a lesson about that years ago in his "*Femme Guillotinée*," by which lesson no one

seems to have profited, any more than from Horace's *Ars Poetica*, the seven years' clause of which is violated twice a year at the least.

The most awful part of the accident remained a profound secret. All that the astonished Dora and the rest of the children saw, was that Miss Lee and her uncle were alone together in the dark, and that they were both the colour of that rose which she knew at Silcotes as "*General Jacqueminot*." Dora said little, but thought the more: all she said was, "Why, you are all in the dark here. Uncle, how did you get in?" After which they all went up stairs, the younger ones shouting all together to their father and grandfather, how they had found Miss Lee and Uncle Archy alone in the dark in the study. Miss Lee was not present, and Algernon rallied his brother right pleasantly. Archy replied that it was an accident, but so very awkwardly that Algernon, little conscious of the magnitude of the disaster, thought how very shy about women university life was apt to make men otherwise perfectly self-possessed.

When Miss Lee reappeared at the supper table, leading in the two youngest children, the blushes had blazed out of her beautiful cheeks. She was nicely dressed, in a well-cut quiet dress; not that it was of much consequence to such radiant beauty as hers (as Dr. Holmes so prettily says, anything almost will do to cover young and graceful curves). The hair was banded up, and nothing was left of the late disorder. In the expression of her face, her attitudes, and her air, she combined the dignified humility of the governess with the melancholy pride of the gentlewoman of fallen fortunes; the modesty of extreme youth with the consciousness of a beauty which in her humble circumstances was a vexatious annoyance to her, and with which she would gladly have dispensed. Nothing was ever better done. The worst of it was that it was thrown away on every one except Dora, whose eyes grew wider with wonder while she looked and

remembered the indiscretions of the morning walk. "You would not come in at the beginning of the second lesson, if he was reading prayers, my lady," said that shrewd young person to herself.

But all this exquisite moral "get up" was lost on Arthur for a time. He did not even notice the curtsy and look with which she greeted him: an inclination made with dropped eyelids, which expressed humility, dignity, and a forgiving sense of injury received (for she knew well enough that he had complained of her being noisy: secrets are not long kept in a house so untidy as that of Algernon's). He never looked at her. He had not seen her for some time, and had never observed her closely, being very shy of looking at women. He now regarded her as an objectionable and fast-going person, in whose power he had put himself utterly; whom, by a horrible combination of evil stars and evil influences, he had kissed in the dark, called his pussy, and jumped up and down. If she would only have complained to Algy, he could have apologised and explained, but she wouldn't. As a gentleman, he had to keep the dreadful secret, and he almost hated her.

I should be inclined to say that it was very difficult to hate anything really beautiful and good very long, if the aforementioned good and beautiful thing gives you anything like an opportunity of appreciating and admiring it. Miss Lee gave Arthur every opportunity of admiring and appreciating her, though Arthur upset her arrangements by not looking at her. Dora looked at her, however, even before supper, and looked at her so long, and with such an expression of wonder in her face, that Mr. Betts asked her what she was gazing at. She replied, "At Miss Lee," and Miss Lee heard her.

"Why are you looking at Miss Lee so strong, dear?"

"I was wondering whether she had been hurt on the slide this morning," answered Dora.

"If I had been, my love," answered

Miss Lee, "I should have gone to bed."

There was such an awkward emphasis on the word *bed* that Dora felt that she was not quite Miss Lee's match yet, and had better hold her tongue. For there was no appeal against Miss Lee in that house; and Miss Lee, in her position as governess, could send anybody to bed in five minutes. Dora, although in opposition to her governess, as a true British young lady is bound to be, had sense enough to hold her tongue and let things drive. "So you are going to set your cap at Uncle Arthur, are you, my lady?" she said to herself. "Good gracious, goodness me, how fine we are getting all of a sudden! Yes, indeed! Oh, quite so! Bed may be bed, my lady, but I have seen the last of French irregular verbs for some time, I fancy; unless I am a born fool, which I ain't; no, nor I won't be kept in over my colloquial French either, after this; and she trampolining away to Hampstead with the children, and Dempster, and riding donkeys, because I said, 'Il va pluvioir.'"

Dora was rebellious against Miss Lee, although they were the best friends in the world.

They had just sat down to supper when a new guest arrived.

A gallant-looking youth, with good features and fine bold intelligent eyes, dressed in a quiet but very becoming uniform. He stood behind Algernon's chair, waiting for recognition; and Dora saw him first, and called attention to him.

"My dear boy," said Algernon, turning kindly on him, "I had given you up. How late you are. You have lost all the fun, and we have had such a merry day. Come and sit by me. What made you so late?"

"We had anthem in chapel this afternoon,—Purcell's. And the third master, Hicks, asked me, as a favour, to stay and help, and we always do anything for him. So I came by the six o'clock train."

"Well, here you are at last; make yourself as happy as you may. Sit beside me. Reggy, my boy, this is the

new schoolfellow I told you of. He has promised to be your protector, my dear. Come and make friends with him."

Reginald looked for one moment at Dora, but Dora was ready for his telegraph, and left looking at the new comer, and nodded twice or thrice shortly and rapidly at Reginald. The nod said emphatically, "He'll do;" and Reginald went and sat beside him. Dora, the open-eyed, watched them. At first Reginald was a little shy, but soon, as far as she could see—for she could not hear—the stronger, older, and handsomer boy won him over by kindness of talk. Dora looked until Reginald took out his brand new knife, and showed it to the strange boy. Then she said, "*That's* all right. Now let's see how you two other little people are getting on." The two people, whom she called "the two other little people," were not getting on at all. Her uncle and Miss Lee were at opposite sides of the table, and were not looking at one another. "If he were her director, I wonder if she would confess about the slide," thought Dora, and immediately found herself thinking about her dear grandpapa. Cynical snapping is very easy, and very soon caught.

But Dora found that youth, good humour, and innocence were very pleasant things to contemplate, and so she looked at the two boys again, and her honest heart was satisfied. They had got their heads together now, and Reginald had got his peg-top and his string, and his dibbs and agate taws, out all round his plate of plum-pudding, and was showing them to the big boy in the uniform, who seemed to possess none of these treasures.

"He is poorer than Reggy," she said, "and how gentle and pleasant he looks! I like that boy."

And indeed he looked very likeable indeed, in his quiet manly dress, and his whole face beaming with kindness and pleasure.

There was some pleasant discussion about one of the large agate marbles,

and the two boys appealed to Algernon, who sat radiant beside them. Reginald stretched across the strange lad, and pushed him against his father, so that his curly head was almost against Algernon's face. At the same moment a great brown hand was twisted gently into the lad's curls, and his head was pulled back until the owner of the hand could look down into the boy's face. At which time a loud, pleasant voice said,—

"Out of the way, curly-wig, and let us have a chance at your father. Algy, my dear old cock, how are you?"

There was a general rising and confusion. All sorts of notes composed the harmony which followed; but, from Mr. Betts's contented growl of, "The Captain, by jingo!" down to the shriek of the smallest child from Miss Lee's kind arms, "Uncle Tom, what have you brought us?" the notes, discordant in sound, were the same in sentiment. They meant enthusiastic welcome to the ne'er-do-well and ne'er-to-do-better Captain Tom Silcote of Silcotes.

Algy was very much affected and touched. He never cried, even in his most pathetic sermon; but he had to stop sometimes, and he stopped now. When he had done stopping he said:—

"My dearest Tom! This is kind."

"I don't see it. Archy, boy, he says it's kind of me to come and get such a welcome as this. How are you, Betts? Miss Lee, my dear creature, you look—all right, Algy—Miss Lee, you look, you look—I don't know what the deuce you don't look like. There—there's no harm in that. Out of the way, you handsome young monkey, and let me get near your father."

"That is not my boy, Tom: that is a friend of Reggy's."

"Then 'not my boy, Tom, but a friend of Reggy's,' slope, and make love to Dora, if the young pepper-box will let you. Any way, give me this chair. The room smells of turkey; have it fetched back, Algy, I am as hungry as a hunter. Betts, is there a good glass of sherry in the house? Hold your tongue, Algy—what do you know about good sherry? See how wise old Betts looks all of a

sudden. Six fingers is sixty! Nonsense, man; is your aunt Jane dead? A Christmas treat? All right! let's have a glass, then. Betts, old fellow, I want to talk to you on business. Archy, how are you and the other prigs getting on at Oxford?"

Arthur was not in good humour with his brother. As fellow and tutor of Balliol, he had to do with fast men at that college, such as there were. As a pro-rector, who was taking a somewhat peculiar line in the university, he had to do with fast men of other colleges—very fast men; men who could not be tolerated at Balliol for half a term. But his brother Tom was faster than any of them. Arthur had to do with many cases of fast lads. The last was that of a servitor at Christ Church, who had been hunting in pink, and owed 500*l.* (a real case). Arthur had seen to this lad's affairs, and had compounded with his creditors for about eighteen years' penal servitude. I mean that he was to deny himself every luxury and pleasure for some eighteen years, to pay off the debts, with the interest on them, which he had contracted in one year among wine-merchants, livery-stable keepers, and grooms. When will lads give over believing that hunting at five pounds a day is the summit of human happiness? When are the dons going to forbid fox-hunting?

But this servitor lad was penitent, and promised amendment. Tom was nothing of the kind. Arthur had been the agent between his father and his eldest brother in the last settlement of Tom's everlasting debts. He had taken to the Squire a schedule of Tom's debts, which he knew, by his dawning knowledge of the world, to be only a half statement; but he had taken it, and asked for payment. The sum was so fearful—eight thousand pounds—that he, brave as he was, knowing that sum was not all the reality, was frightened when he presented it. He did not recover his nerve until the Squire, in his cursing, cursed *him* as an accomplice. Then anger gave him nerve, and he resumed that old ascendancy over his

father which his perfect rectitude had in the first instance given him: feeling at the same time like a villain, because he was sure, in his innermost heart, that the schedule of Tom's debts was understated. The moment when Silcote the elder recovered from his furious indignation sufficiently to tell Arthur that he could trust *him* at all events, was probably the most bitter and the most degraded of his life.

The C. C. servitor had told the truth, and had been penitent; not that the penitence of that sort of young gentleman is of much use, unless they are steadily whipped in by a stronger hand and will. His brother Tom, as he knew perfectly, whenever he *chose* to know, had not told the truth, and there was not one halfpenny worth of penitence about him. So Arthur was in contemptuous variance with his brother. Tom's persistent wrong-doing and waste of life were to his mind inexplicable and hateful; and, moreover, Tom had outstepped an arbitrary line which the world lays down, and the world was beginning to talk. How long he might stay in his present regiment was very doubtful.

And so, not caring to look much at his brother, he looked another way; and the other way happened to be Miss Lee's way; and, as she had her eyes turned away, he had courage to look at her: and, when he had begun looking at her, he found he could not leave off; she was beyond all he had ever dreamed of. This was the creature he had complained of as being boisterous, and had—heavens! that wouldn't do to think about. She was sitting quite alone, and no one was speaking to her; every one was busy round his brother. What could a gentleman do but go across and speak to a lady under such circumstances? Was she unconscious of his approach? If so, why was her heart drumming away such a triumphant tune? But, at all events, her air was one of extreme unconsciousness, when, with a sudden start as he spoke, she turned her wondering, lovely face on his.

To be continued.

WOMEN AND CRITICISM.

Few things are more interesting to an observer of mankind than the endless variety and absolutely contradictory nature of the objections raised, in society and contemporary literature, to every possible proposal for altering anything. It seems to be in the nature of the human mind to hold that no reason can be necessary for doing nothing; this is so natural a thing to do, apparently, that the inducements and the justification for it are, at all times, self-evident to all the world. But, when any one proposes to break in upon any established order whatever, by any plan which is actually intended to be carried into practical operation, then there arises a multitudinous host of objections, not from one side only but from every side, a tumult of clashing arguments, of opposing difficulties, a cross-fire which sometimes reminds us of Falconbridge—

"From north to south
Austria and France shoot in each other's
mouth,"

when those who fancy themselves allies unintentionally destroy one another's position, by blows aimed at an intermediate enemy.

It is this variety and inconsistency in the objections raised to all reforms which is one of the chief elements in the priceless value, for human progress, of free discussion. If the truth had to do battle alone against all its adversaries the task would be a much harder one than it is at present, and the result, if not more uncertain, would certainly be much longer deferred. But, where discussion is free, the *mêlée* is generally so confused that whoever will consent to fight at all can hardly help dealing some blows at error. He who strikes at random may fight against truth too, but, if there is one distinguishing mark of truth as opposed to error, it is its vital power, its strength to endure, the

ineradicable energy with which it revives from apparent annihilation. A much weaker blow will kill falsehood, and, as a general rule, the same weakness of mind which makes people hold an opinion on insufficient grounds makes them find very insufficient arguments strong enough to overthrow it. Thus, while it is true that error is manifold, yet its opponents are manifold also. A consistent reasoner will often be surprised at the weapons with which a victory may be gained for his own side; yet a logical intellect is not so hard and dry a thing but that some of the most humorous scenes of the comedy of human life may receive their keenest relish from the sense of incongruity between cause and effect.

But, of all the battle-fields of confused and diverse opinion, none is more strangely and chaotically intermingled than the perennial dispute, which all the world loves to join in, as to the comparative merits, duties, faults, and virtues of men and women. Feelings, passions, fancies, sentiments, resentments, hopes, dreams, fears, come pouring in, all eager to do their part in settling the matter, so that, in this particular contest, prejudice and ignorance seem calm and rational in comparison with the rest of the combatants. Nor is this abundance of personal feeling astonishing when we come to consider the subject, since every one is personally concerned in it; no one can help being a man or a woman at some time if he lives long enough. The cattle plague may be discussed among sailors, or fine art with Quakers; in which case it might be possible to secure judges who possess the qualification, so essential in the eyes of many critics, for fitness to judge—that, however little they know of the subject, they care less. But, however little a woman may know of physiology, or psychology,

or history, or politics, or social science, or mental science, or difficult subjects of that sort, she is not likely to doubt that she knows woman's nature, which, after all, is only a form of that which all these sciences put together are intended to investigate. What gentle, timid, home-keeping lady will hesitate to pronounce (firm in the consciousness of her own incapacity) what nature destined for all time to be the lot of one half the human race? Is she not a woman herself, and, being so, must she not understand women? Do we not all know ourselves? And, knowing ourselves, as we all do, so well, does it not of necessity follow that we know all who resemble us in any important respect? And, knowing ourselves, is it not evident that we must know what is good for us? And, knowing these things by nature, it cannot be going out of a woman's sphere, nor need any strength of mind, to pronounce what ought to be the relative position of men, women, and children, in politics, arts, sciences, and domestic life. It is, indeed, so difficult to find a woman unprejudiced about women, that those who think least of their own capacities are more confident as to the absence of capacity in women, than those ladies (if any there are) who lay claim to strength of mind can be as to the presence of it. For the women who profess to be in some degree competent to consider the subject, generally only hazard the suggestion that women might possibly prove equal to men if they were placed in the same circumstances, and they propose only that the law shall make no distinctions, and so leave things to adjust themselves. But those who think they know woman's proper place from their own internal consciousness, want laws to keep her there. Not content to remain in that vague state of mind which only suits scientific accuracy, and requires experiment and test before considering any fact as certain; content still less with that impartiality which may do well enough for the lawgiver or statesman, but which does not become an ignorant woman; they demand a positive

recognition by law and institutions of the difference between two things, of which difference these ladies are perfectly sure, because they know one of the two quite well.

When all women, strong or weak-minded, have given in their contribution to this universally-interesting subject, it is far from being exhausted. If women naturally have an opinion upon it because they are women, men have one because they are not. Even those who think the only suitable relations between the two are those of superiority and subordination cannot deny this. The question of where the lamb was entitled to drink from, was not less interesting to the wolf than to the lamb. It would be taking a very narrow view of the matter to deny that the wolf had, at least, a right to be heard, in support of claims on which so much of his comfort in life depended. The fact is, that the nearer we could come to a complete equality between men and women in the laws and institutions under which they live, the better chance would there be of getting at something like impartial opinion on the subject. The nearer it could be brought to being nobody's interest to think one way or another about it, the nearer we should be to arriving at some cool and unbiassed judgment. No observer can help seeing at present that the interests at stake are too important to permit much impartiality. People are either, consciously or unconsciously, blinded by their personal wishes and experience, or else, making a strenuous effort to be magnanimous, they endeavour to secure themselves against being selfish by an entire renunciation of all personal claims. The common opinion that women are more enthusiastic and less reasoning than men, and that men are more deliberate, and know better what they mean when they say a thing, than women, may perhaps explain why, on the whole, most women decide against, and most men in favour of, themselves. But, if women were really entitled in justice to any rights and privileges which most of them disclaim,

it may be doubted whether the fact of their renouncing such rights from pure although mistaken motives of duty, would be any evidence of unfitness for their exercise.

Yet, among the many answers commonly given when the question is asked, Why women should not have all occupations and privileges open to them, and be free to adopt or renounce masculine, as men are feminine, pursuits? none reappears more frequently than the assertion that women themselves do not wish for any such freedom. With many persons it is a received axiom that women do not like liberty. There is nothing, it would seem, that a woman more dislikes than being permitted to do what she likes. Husbands and fathers know by experience that women never wish to have their own way. One reason for this appears to be that women are endowed by nature with so strong and peculiar an idiosyncrasy that they must necessarily run counter to it if they are let alone. The laws of nature are so powerful in women that it is essential to make human laws in aid of them. The instincts of their sex so imperiously demand of women to do what is feminine, that it is necessary for men to forbid them to do anything masculine. Therefore it stands to reason that women who wish to be guided by womanly instinct must place themselves under the guidance of men. Possessed by an innate sense of feminine propriety, women feel that if the law did not protect them against themselves they would be inclined to do many unsuitable things. With men it is different; no laws are needed to define what men may or may not do, for men, with their less acute moral perceptions, are not likely to do what is unsuited to them. But legislative enactments can alone keep women from leaving their firesides to plunge into the fierce contentions and angry passions of the political world; were they free to choose for themselves it is to be feared they would desert their infants in order to command armies; their love of beauty and their physical weakness would induce them

to apply themselves to the most repulsive and laborious occupations, such as no man would like to see a woman employed in, and from which they would naturally, but perhaps very unfairly, drive out their more robust masculine competitors. Then, too, being gentle, docile, and retiring, naturally fitted to obey, is it not likely that if left to their own guidance, they would show themselves quarrelsome, self-willed, and altogether unmanageable?

Leaving those who will to unravel these very curious series of logical sequences, or perhaps leaving these contradictory propositions to neutralize one another, it may be worth while to go on a few steps further, and consider the question on the ground of general principles, which cover a much larger space than the mere distinction between men and women: for, the moment we step beyond the charmed circle which shuts in women in most people's imagination, we find ourselves on ground where it is comparatively usual to appeal to reason, and to expect that reasons shall have some sort of consistency in them. On no other subject is it commonly held that so small an amount of experimental evidence is sufficient to build up such a wide induction as on this. It is the commonest thing in the world to hear even educated people, who, on other topics, pride themselves on having some foundation for what they say, confound together in one group millions of women, of different races and different religions, brought up in different climates, and under different institutions, and predict, with quiet security, how all these would act under utterly untried conditions—such as perfect political and social freedom—of which the history of the world has never yet furnished even a single instance whereon to ground a sober judgment. How utterly this whole way of treating such a subject is opposed to all the scientific tendencies of our time, it is hardly worth while to stop to point out.

The growing habit of studying history from a philosophical point of view, and drawing generalizations from its teaching

in a scientific spirit, will, no doubt, do much to induce men (and women too) to consider the destinies, the duties, and the rights of women in a serious and logical manner, and to lay aside the jokes and the sentimental preferences which at present encumber and entangle all discussion on the subject. It may even be presumed, that, fortified with such studies, some women may no longer shrink from being called "strong-minded," as from an abusive epithet, and that men may only hesitate to apply it to them, as being more complimentary than they are often likely to deserve.

But, when rational habits of thought, and a comparatively widely extended acquaintance with scientific methods of observation and experiment, have done much good work on the public mind, still we cannot expect a thorough cure in the fanciful method of treating women's rights, until legislation, by loosening a little the tightness of its bonds, opens the door to observation, and permits a few, however timid, experiments to be made. At present it is hard to complain of those who appeal to their own imagination as warrant for their highly imaginative assertions of what would happen if any changes were introduced into the condition of women, for to what else can they appeal? The truth is, as we take it, that the law is a great deal too minute in its legislation on this subject; for, if we come to consider it, we find that it is marked in the highest degree by the characteristic of early and antiquated legislation: it protects the interests of both men and women a great deal too much, and, by taking too much care of them, will not allow them to take care of themselves. It is this same meddlesome spirit which in former times produced sumptuary laws, and fixed the rate of interest and of wages; which forbade the exportation of gold and other valuable commodities from the realm, and gave rise to the whole system of commercial protection.

But the striking and brilliant success of free trade principles has happily had a powerful effect in opening the eyes of every civilized people to the mischievous

effects of over-legislation. The benefit of the promulgation of such principles ought not to stop even at this result, great as it is. For the philosophical principles, and the whole train of reasoning which lead to free trade, not merely indicate that over-legislation is a check upon individual energy and enterprise, but point to the direction which all the legislation should take, viz.—to development, and not to the repression, of the faculties of those who have to obey it. That the law is made for man, not man for the law, is the spirit of modern legislation, and we recognise the working of this spirit where we see the law removing hindrances to human energy, not where we see it imposing them. The hindrances that we are willing to see imposed by the law are only those that prevent people from hindering one another, not such as are imagined to be beneficial to themselves. We are willing to see a man hindered from stealing another man's goods, but we murmur if he is not allowed to sell his own at as low a price as he pleases. The application of any such principle will show at once how very defective is our present legislation as regards women, and how antiquated is the train of reasoning by which such legislation is defended. Indeed, the only logical defence of our present legislation would be that it considers only the interests of men, and looks upon women as a subject, and even as an antagonistic class, whose hands are to be bound for the benefit of those whom the law really intends to protect. It is not impossible that some such point of view was that which really actuated those who originated our present system, many parts of which have come down to us from times when men had not, even in thought, got beyond the idea that—

"Those should take who have the power,
And those should keep who can."

But the most violent assertor of the sacred rights of sex would shrink now from making such a notion the ground either of his own claims or her own abnegation. Agreeing, therefore, as most

disputants would probably do, that no one wants to oppress and enslave women for other people's benefit, we are thrown back upon the theory, that, solely for their own good, they are excluded from all the professions, from all political rights, from a share in the great national institutions for education, and from every other privilege possessed only by men. The energy and the enterprise women might show in any of all these departments is checked by the law, only in order to protect them, just as our traders and manufacturers used to be protected against foreign competition. The development of their faculties is forbidden to take place in these directions, only in order that they may be turned into more healthy and natural channels, just as particular industries used to be encouraged by law because it used to be thought that our island possessed peculiar facilities for those, and just as particular methods of manufacture used to be enjoined because it was supposed that our people would employ wrong methods if the law did not restrict them to right ones. Now, on the supposition (which lies at the root of the Protective system) that our lawgivers know the true interest of every individual of the nation better than he can know it for himself, there can be no objection to all this as a whole, and, if we think we see reason to object to the working of any particular portion of the system, we must set ourselves to show what are its specially inconvenient results, and what good might be expected to come from the relaxation of particular restraints. Just as, under a system of commercial protection, it would be necessary to show that some particular trade is an exceptional one in order to get it freed from the general rule, so, on such a supposition, we must show that some particular profession or occupation is (unlike the majority of others) suited for women, before we can get it opened to them.

It is precisely this necessity, arising, as we have endeavoured to show, from ignoring the fundamental principles of modern government, that opens the door

to the flood of peculiarly contradictory and imaginative discussion which characterises every attempt at carrying out some little modification of the highly "protected" condition of women. For how can discussion on this subject be otherwise than imaginative? By the nature of the case those who are urging change are asking to be allowed to try experiments. Until experiments have been tried, we can only imagine what would be their practical results. When we are reduced to imagination one man's imagination is as good as another's, and the Irishman in the story would perhaps have said that a conservative's imagination is "better too." The reformer imagines great benefits, the conservative imagines dire disaster, to be the consequences of most change. What can decide between the two, except that invincible "logic of facts" to which protective law sternly forbids a hearing? Deprived of this impartial umpire, people disport themselves in all the wide regions of fanciful conjecture; analogy is put forward for sober argument; figurative phrases as logical proof; a single example as conclusive evidence; personal taste as the law of nature; accidental circumstances as the immutable condition of the universe. And it is the natural consequence of such discussion's being fanciful that it should also be contradictory. For no two men's imagination depicts a thing exactly in the same light. No two reformers desire, and no two conservatives dread, a change for precisely the same reasons. One man wishes a thing because it does what another man deprecates it for not doing. Thus many persons at the present moment shrink from opening the medical profession to women, because they think it might make them less delicate; others fear that such a movement, by enabling women always to consult physicians of their own sex, might foster a morbid degree of delicacy. Thus two different descriptions of imagination may figure the results of the same change as making women too delicate and not delicate enough. In this particular instance, as in many others of the same sort, it is

not difficult to detect that the fancy of the objectors has seized hold of different parts of the same subject, and exaggerated a part into the whole. One class persists in regarding exclusively the probable effect upon the physicians, the other that on the patients; and both are apt to forget that, in so very extensive a portion of humanity as the whole female sex, there may easily be room for such varieties of character as would be healthily affected by both sets of influences.

From all these workings of the imagination there is no final appeal but to facts. Experiments must be tried before we can hope to arrive at trustworthy conclusions. They can be tried cautiously if we fancy, as many people do fancy, that, in dealing with women, we are dealing with very explosive materials. But, until we are willing to try them in some way we cannot deny that those who are willing to appeal to facts

are more candid, and those who desire to have recourse to experiment are more practical, than those who are content to defend the present state of things by vague predictions of possible evil, while they refuse to put their own predictions to even the most gentle test.

Just such predictions of national ruin were made arguments against free trade, and against such arguments no reply could be so effectual as the national prosperity which free trade has produced. But, until free trade had actually been tried, this argument was not available for its supporters. Having been tried, and having succeeded, free trade, however, remains an example of how human energy can find the best and easiest channels for itself when relieved from all restrictive legislation; an example likely in time to modify old opinions on many topics, and perhaps on none more than on the freedom that can safely be allowed to women.

H. T.

THREE CENTURIES OF FAMILY PORTRAITS.

THERE is a favourite theory in story-books and "romantic" family history, that the same features are to be traced in a long line of ancestry. But the idea started at the Manchester Exhibition seems much nearer to fact, *i.e.* that the characteristics of a generation, moulded by the circumstances of the age, the habits of life and thought, food and manners, are generally marked in each individual of it—square and powerful in the days of the Tudors; more refined, less sensual, with a certain highborn grace, in the time of Charles I.; voluptuous and courtly in the days of his son; prosaic and self-sufficient in the Georgian era; and with the rather anxious look of the present century, as our duties and responsibilities have grown more complicated. It would seem as if the sovereign in those days more or less symbolized the character of the age. However this may be, in the collection

of portraits at Claydon it is easy to trace the century: but there is little of family likeness.

The house in which they are contained has been altered and added to in every direction; but it is easy to distinguish the older part, built in the form of a capital I, with "step" gables. It seems to have been rebuilt about 1535; "great expense in repairs" is then mentioned. A great chimney ran through the centre, half way up which was discovered a recess or hiding-place, a "priest's hole," large enough to contain twelve men. Every room was a passage to another; one end of the house could be reached only through a whole suite; none of the walls were at right angles, and the floors and ceilings varied sometimes six inches in the same room. A long wainscoted gallery at the top of the house contained masses of unsorted family papers and letters, curious old chests filled with

slashed doublets and trunk hose, with their knots of ribbon, and wonderful Eastern pelisses, deeds with the kings' seals attached, going back as far as Henry II., relics of all kinds, and the ghost *de rigueur*—in this case, Sir Edmund Verney looking for his lost hand. A little church, full of the monuments and brasses of the family, stands close by, dated 1495. At the other end of the old English house has been added, about a hundred years ago, a magnificent Italian mansion, full of carved and inlaid work in marble and wood, beautiful ceilings, splendid doors; so magnificent, indeed, that the owner had been ruined, and the chief part of his work pulled down before it was finished, and, in the general upset which followed, pictures, papers, and books had been exposed, misused, and destroyed. One picture on panel had been used to stop the window of the "apple room;" another was in the loft over the pigs; the rats had gnawed the corners of a third. The portrait of Prince Henry (son of James I.) in his robes of state, with a great stab through his cheek and a dab of white-wash over his eye, stood against the wall of a garret, frameless and disconsolate; a very interesting picture of the wife of the great man of the family, torn twice all across, hung in ribbons on a peg in a dark passage; while an exquisite Cornelius Jansen, signed, of a beautiful girl (Nan Uvedale) came beaming out from among the cobwebs of a closet, unspoiled and untouched.

The names and stories of most of the pictures had been lost, but among the papers were curious old lists, stained and torn, of different dates, some of them very provoking in their useless information,—“Grandmother Verney without a strainer,” or “Uncle V. in a waynscott frame;” but often containing very detailed descriptions, such as “Cupid sucking,” “Mrs. H. in a shepherd’s dress with her staffe on her shoulder, left arme akimbole,” and dismal records of deceased pictures, a whole series of which had been sent up to “Lundun to be cleand and vernist,” and literally flayed alive, while a Van-

dyke and two Jansens had been lost altogether.

The portraits consist of brasses, full-length recumbent figures, small kneeling statuettes, chalk drawings, oil pictures, busts, and medallions; those on altartombs and brasses of course precede the rest. One of the earliest is that of Sir John Verney, who died 1505. He was son of Sir Ralph Verney, Lord Mayor in 1465, and member for London in 1472—a staunch Yorkist, and very active in promoting the interest of the party of progress, says Mr. Bruce. Edward IV. showed his gratitude for “the good and gratuitous services” by knighting him, and giving him large grants of forfeited lands, and he purchased for himself the manor of Claydon. John was present at the coronation of Elizabeth of York, but else led a quiet life in Buckinghamshire. He lies in armour on an altar-tomb, alongside his heiress wife in a curious fan-shaped head-dress and long cloak.

Next comes his brother, Sir Ralph Verney (1528), a knight in armour, recumbent, full length, with his wife, Lady Eleanor, by his side, in a magnificent mantle covered with coats of arms. He was one of two “esquiers of honour” who rode at the coronation of Elizabeth of York, “well horsed, in gowns of “crimson velvet, mantles of ermine, “and on their head hats of red “cloth of gold, the beaks forward.” Lady Eleanor was a cousin of Henry VII., an aunt of Cardinal Pole’s, and about the Queen for many years, as one of her chief ladies. Sir Ralph was afterwards Chamberlain to the Princess Margaret, and accompanied her to Scotland to assist at the magnificent ceremonies of her marriage with James IV., and her coronation. “With the sayde “Queen was deputed Sir Ralph Verney “her Chamberlayne, the which well “and nobly exercised his office in the “said voyage.” He was chief commissioner to ratify her dower. “Lady Eleanor his wife went with him.” After this he was appointed to the household of her sister the Princess Mary, and was present at her betrothal

with Louis XII. as her High Chamberlain.

His son Sir Ralph, one "of a goodlie band of knights who accompanied Queen Katherine to the Field of the Cloth of Gold," married one of her ladies, Anne Weston, who received from Katherine "a marriage portion of 200 marks." He died, leaving his wife's splendid court gowns to be made into "vestements" for the church: there are as yet no signs of the Reformation—his very long will begins, "In the Name of God and our blissid Lady, and all the holy company of heven, Amen," and ends, "Also I give to Sir Thomas, chauntry preest, to pray for my soule, xxxs." His son, the fourth Sir Ralph, married one of the six co-heiresses of Lord Bray. There is a fine brass of him and his wife—he in plate armour with a skirt of chain mail, the lady in mantle with coats of arms. He was one of the gentlemen present at the christening of Edward VI., and appointed to receive Anne of Cleves,—after which he was sent into Scotland by Henry VIII., and died soon after, in 1546. The Reformation had still evidently made but little progress, for he says, "I wyll that oon honest prist shall syng for the sowles of me, my father and mother, my children, and all Crysten, by the space of oon holl yere;" he is "to have syx pounds sterlyng," but "to fynd hym self wyne and waye to celebrate withall."

The earliest picture which is at all authentic, is the copy of a Holbein drawing, in red chalk, of his son-in-law, Sir Nicholas Pointz, in a flat cap and feather, with sense and humour in his ugly thick square face. Anne, his wife, is commemorated in a most involved epitaph by her brother, beginning, "I, Urian, the sixt of seaven sonnes and daughters of Sir Ralph Verney." He goes on, evidently not having made up his mind what relation he is to himself or his sisters,—"*I, the survivovre of my sixe brothers and twee daughters, &c. &c.*" He and his wife, in grand ruffs, with a little son behind them, kneel at the top of the tomb.

Next comes a somewhat apocryphal picture of another brother, in trunk hose, painted on panel, supposed to represent Francis Verney, knight of the shire for Bucks. He was concerned with his uncle, Lord Bray, in the Dudley conspiracy to transfer the crown from Mary to Elizabeth, who was to have married Lord Devon. Most of the other conspirators were executed, but, although found guilty, Francis received a pardon, which, with the sign-manual and great seal of "Philip and Mary," is still among the papers in the Muniment room.¹

By him in the "Pink Parlour" hangs his brother, an old Sir Edmund of the days of Elizabeth,¹ with a ruff and gold chain, a brocade doublet, and a black cap on his head, shrewd and a little crafty in expression. He was sheriff for Bucks and Herts, and one of the five captains appointed to command the "musters of the county" at the time of the Armada. He was married three times, his third wife being a widow of the St. Barbes, who possessed Broadlands before it passed into the Palmerston family. She seems to have been a very managing woman, and having by her first husband a daughter, Ursula, she married her, aged twelve years and eleven months, to Francis, aged fourteen, Sir Edmund's only son by his first marriage. She had a son of her own aged nine, and at the same time, a year before he died, the father obtained an Act of Parliament (Eliz. 39) to divide his estates equally between his sons—four manors to Francis, three and a house to Edmund.

In the great saloon is a very tall full-length of Sir Francis, called a Velasquez, certainly a very fine picture.² A magnificent man he must have been, tall and straight, handsome and debonnaire, in very gorgeous clothing, tawny satin slashed with red, a ruff, great boots and gauntlets of shamoy leather, a hat with a tremendous panache of red and tawny feathers, one hand on his sword, and the other on a gilt walking-cane, which hangs below; a "very proper man," an

¹ At South Kensington.

² *Ibid.*

ideal cavalier, a thorough gentleman, to look at—but in life a wayward, vehement fellow, who came to grief in every way. The age was one of somewhat lawless adventure by sea and by land. Sir Walter Raleigh was little better than a pirate, and Elizabeth's famous Devonshire captains hovered on the borders of buccaneering. To "spoil the Spaniard" was at all times good service, and when once the sails were set in that direction it was difficult to know where to stop. Sir Francis was no better, and probably not much worse, than his neighbours. He was annoyed at his father's distribution of his property, went to law with his stepmother and brother, sold his estates, forsook his wife Ursula, whose portrait hangs on the stairs; and, aged twenty-three, joined the "Barbary pirates," which seems to have been the favourite filibustering expedition in vogue at the time. "*Profugus fidei*," alas, says a too candid biographer; and then nothing is heard of him for seven years; but the kindly antiquary who has done so much for the history of those days charitably hopes the best of him; says that "turned Turke" may mean politically, not religiously (or rather irreligious), and that at all events he repented, for he died in 1616, at the great Hospital of St. Mary of Pity, at Messina, where the brief register says "he was sick, and they took him in," and whence he sent home a pilgrim's staff inlaid with crosses (also a turban and two pelisses), still preserved.

Opposite him hangs a fine Vandyke, painted about 1636¹ ("*Savez vous que voila un Vandyk qui est diablement beau*," said the keeper of the Louvre when he saw it at the British Institution in 1860), of his half-brother Edmund, his opposite in every respect, Knight Marshal and standard-bearer to Charles I., a much less martial-looking man than the very improper Francis, though he is in full armour. He has a red sash round his waist, and his hand on his helmet—an "iron pott," with which one becomes quite familiar, as he writes to his son perpetually about it on the Scotch expe-

dition. He is going into battle and it has not arrived. "I shall be bareheaded." The other arms have reached him. "I pray hast away my pott." When it comes "it is soe much too little, none "but a madde man could have beene so "madd as to mistake soe grossly; there-fore take care it be wide enoughe "now." "The hedd piece is very much "too little for me; if the pott I expect "daily be soe, I am undone." It is too late after all: "I will keepe it now to boyle my porrage in."

He seems to have been a man of consideration, and in and about the Court from his earliest days. Before twenty he had seen war in the Low Countries, and had visited France and Spain; he was then made chief sewer to Henry, Prince of Wales, who gave him his picture, rescued, as before said, from the garrets. It represents a womanish, gentle, sickly-looking lad, seated in his chair of state, with a sort of sceptre in his hand. He seems to have found sympathy in Sir Edmund, who inclined to the reformed Protestantism not in favour at Court, and who speaks of his death after twenty-seven years as of the greatest sorrow he had ever known.

As soon as a household was formed for the new Prince of Wales, aged thirteen, Sir Edmund was put into it. "My ever most honoured and famous Prince, my loving Master," he calls him. And Charles both respected and liked the conscientious, kindhearted, chivalrous gentleman. "A man," says Clarendon, "of great courage, and of a very "cheerful and generous nature, and "confessedly valiant," who served him faithfully, but with the same sort of misgiving that beset Falkland and so many other loyal gentlemen, who looked ahead and saw the dangers of the course which their ill-fated master pursued with obstinate blindness to the bitter end.

About this time, 1612, Sir Edmund married the daughter of a royalist of "birth and estate," Sir Thomas Denton, of Hillesdon, in sight of his ancestral home. "Two black trumpeters in red "used to sound a reveillee, answered by "two trumpeters from the other hill."

¹ At South Kensington.

Margaret seems to have been a very tender wife and loving mother. There is a curious picture of her, with a gentle sad face, leaning on her arm raised as if to show the marks of a terrible burn, with which it is evident there is some interesting story connected, which may still be deciphered among the papers. She was much attached to her own family, who were always ready to receive her and her numerous offspring; and the portraits of Sir Thomas and her mother, on panel, of Sir Alexander, her brother, who fortified Hillesdon for the king, and stood a siege till he was burnt and starved out, and of his wife, and another brother, the king's physician, hang all round her.¹

The house at Claydon had been let for one hundred years, but the tenants ploughed up the pasture and cut the timber, and Sir Edmund bought up the remainder of the lease, sadly hampering himself by the money he had to pay. His connexion with the Court, however, obliged him to live chiefly in London—sometimes at a house, which he inherited from his father, in Drury Lane, then the fashionable part of the town; sometimes “at his chambers in the Prince's Court.” In 1623, he accompanied “Baby Charles and Steenie” on the reckless expedition to Spain. Everything went wrong from the beginning. The suite, sixty in number, were left at Santander, the Spaniards not allowing them to pass up the country. After a time, in spite of a letter from Charles desiring them to remain where they were, Sir W. Howard and Sir Edmund Verney followed him to Madrid; where they found him in two little rooms with an outlet into a garden, “so nasty and “ill-favouredly kept that a farmer in “England would be ashamed of such “another.” The roads they describe as horrible; the dirt, even of the food, detestable; “no glass in the windows;” they are evidently struck everywhere with the want of what we call civilization.

The rest of the suite came up to Madrid in time, wearied out by the

¹ Now at the Portrait Exhibition, South Kensington.

discomforts and indignities they experienced: but the jealousy of the Spaniards was such that Charles was obliged to send them all to England, except a few gentlemen of his Privy Chamber, of whom Sir Edmund was one. In “*Ho-Eliañe*,” a copy of which, belonging to John Verney, exists in the house (1652), is an account of the death of “the Prince his page,” who was worried in his last moments by a priest attempting his conversion. Sir Edmund interfered, and “fell to blows with him on the stairs.” It was a dangerous thing to offend the Church in Spain at that period, and he was threatened with the Inquisition; but Gondomar stifled the quarrel, and the poor boy “was buried “under a fig-tree in the ambassador's “garden, behind my Lord of Bristol's “house.”

When at last Charles got away from Madrid, his splendid stock of presents was nearly exhausted, and he borrowed, says Lloyd, “a cross of ten thick table diamonds” from Sir Edmund. There is a picture of him at this period—marked “done in Spain, very unlike”—as a smart young gentleman, with a ring in his ear, an exceedingly rich lace collar, and a splendid sash over his armour—curiously unlike the anxious, serious, statesman-look of the later picture by Vandyke.

Soon after he reached home he was returned member for Buckingham, and bought a large new house in Covent Garden, then the newest West-end quarter, just laid out by the Earl of Bedford, and called the Piazza; with coach-house and stables, and all conveniences and luxuries, “shuttynge wyndowes” in the principal rooms, and “stock locks” on most of the doors, the best rooms “waynscotted,” which was considered so important that each piece of wainscot is enumerated in the schedule of fixtures. The house has only just been destroyed to make room for the Floral Hall.

In it he received Archbishop Usher, whom he brought over from Ireland; and there is a large bundle of pencil notes from his sermons preached at St. Paul's,

Covent Garden, and taken down by Ralph Verney. Soon after his accession, Charles, "considering his many and faithful services," gave Sir Edmund a pension of 200*l*. and made him Knight Marshal for life. It was a troublesome and difficult office, and without pay. The palace was beset by "a multitude of idle and masterless persons," says an account a few years before; a kind of market was held there, where "various oxen and muttons were sold;" the state officers and their households and crowds of supplicants for all sorts of favours lived and lounged about it. King James orders Sir Edmund's predecessor to "abate this grievance: he shall continually ride" both in the daytime and night about "our court, arresting and punishing."

A little later Charles, on his road to be crowned in Scotland, made Sir Edmund one of his Privy Chamber, for which, as usual, there was no pay but by a monopoly—in this case a patent for hackney-coaches and tobacco.

And now, his eldest son being sixteen, it became the business of a good father to look out for a wife suitable for him. It is a curious evidence of the morality of the age. Sir Edmund was a very religious man, a high-minded man in all his dealings, but he did as his father did before him. Infant marriages, indeed, seem not to have been considered wrong. Mary Blackall was a poor little heiress, not fourteen, her father and mother had died of the "great plague," at "one instant time," in 1625. Her uncle and guardians were quarrelling over her little person as a chattel or spoil to be fought for by each to his own advantage, when Sir Edmund stepped in, paid 2,000*l*. to the Crown, "who exercised" most oppressive powers in the disposal "of infant heiresses," and married her to his son, aged sixteen. As it happened, the poor child fell into good and kind hands. Ralph was sent back to college, and Mary lived alternately with his family and with an aunt of her own, until the young pair were taken in at Claydon.

Sir Edmund seems to have been very fond of her, and had a picture of her

painted "by that most excellent Court painter, Sir Anthony Vandyke," at the same time with his own, in blue and white satin and pearls; but it is poor and cold in colour,—one in which the master must have left even more than usual to his school.

A busy life Sir Edmund led. Parliament, his constant and anxious duties at Court, his estates and large private business, and thirteen children, brought much anxiety and work upon him, and he was obliged to be a great deal in London, while his wife and children inhabited Claydon. The difficulty of providing clothes seems to have been great, and he writes to his wife, his "most loving sister,"¹ as he addresses the letter. "Good puss, if eyther you" or my daughter can think of what "you shall necessarily want, as gloves" or such things, I will provide them. "I would faine have the carrier bringe" up a cart this day fortnight if it may "be noe prejudice to him." Everything else seems otherwise to have been contained in their own premises: a corn-mill, bakehouse, brewhouse, farm buildings, blacksmith's forge, carpenter's shop, stable, timber-yard, riding house, and immense outhouses, where Sir Edmund's great trunk still lies.

As time went on and his work increased, he entrusted more and more to his eldest son Ralph, of whom there is a picture by Cornelius Jansen painted about this time.² He seems to have been a model of prudence and priggism in his youth, methodical and precise, but full of generous care for others, and sparing no pains for all that wanted it. On him devolved a great part of the management of his younger brothers. One, Master Henry, was somewhat of a scapegrace, a "soger," which he "cannot give his minde to." "It is not the firing of bouillots that fears me," but he wishes to "follow the Court." "Nues of a horsmache" is what interests him. "I

¹ Fancy relationships seem to have been considered a proof of friendship. Aunt "Cary" writes to nephew Edmund as "cosen." James Dillon calls Sir Edmund "granfather," and inquires after "Brother Doll."

² At South Kensington.

"have rod but to maches cense I saw
"you, and have won both." Another is
an Unlucky Tom,—of whom there is a
picture, his hair cut square, in armour,
which sits very ill on him—always in
scrapes, always writing for money, which
"is this time infallibly to make his for-
tune." As soon as he left school he got
into trouble with a love affair; then he
is off to "Stockhollam," a volunteer at
sea, taking service in the army of France,
drawing bills on Ralph to be paid im-
mediately after the "next fight;" after
which he disposes of himself for a time
in an expedition to Virginia, but, re-
turning ruined, writes to his father that
he is in London, and "obliged to stay
"in bed, for he has been forced to
"pledge his hosen," and torments his
brother Ralph for a new coat, "having
only one sorey thing," and then com-
plains bitterly because it is "not good
enough." Next he is sent down to
Claydon Rectory, and "cannot longer
beare the quiet,"—"this hellish life," as
he calls it; "nothing but to walk in
"att one doore and out att the other.
"Before I will endure it I will take a
"rope and make an end of myself,
"and then neither mother, nor brother,
"nor sister shall take any more care for
"me." He is then allowed to come up
to the Piazza, or, as he spells the word,
"Peheatso." At last he is sent off to
"the Plantations," and poor Ralph
writes, "He is gone to the Barbathos;
"about three days before he went he
"played me a slippery trick, though
"I had many deepe protestations to
"the contrary. It was not discovered
"till he was goan." Nothing daunted,
however, Master Tom writes merrily to
his father soon after, about the "tooth-
"some fruits this land doth beare;
"the best, your pine-apple, which is held
"such a daintie fruit that King Jeames
"swore it was the apple that Eve
"cosned Adam with."

The fourth son, another Sir Edmund,
was a gallant young soldier, of whom
there is a pleasant little portrait in
armour. He begins life badly, gets into
debt at college, but returns honourably
in after years to repay it, joins the Dutch

army in Flanders, and then follows the
King to Scotland as a volunteer, when
there is a touching letter of adieu to his
"approved good brother Ralph." He
was afterwards killed at the siege of
Drogheda.

In all Sir Edmund's intricate affairs,
public and private, he consults his eldest
son, and the tender affection and confi-
dence between them is most touching.
Notwithstanding the stiff and ceremon-
ious manner of the times, they write
to each other like brothers. Old Lady
Sussex, mother of Sir Edmund's friend,
Sir Henry Lee, writes to her "constant"
ally Ralph, "Your father sade no man
"had a better child, and many more
"good words he sade of you, which
"plesed me very much to know you was
"uppon so dear and kainde termes."

After parting with him to follow
Charles on the first Scotch expedition,
Sir Edmund writes, "Good Ralphe, since
"Prince Henry's death I never knew
"soe much grief as to part from you;
"and trewly, because I saw you equally
"afflicted with it, my sorrow was the
"greater. But, Ralphe, we cannott live
"always together. It cannott be longe
"ere by the cource of nature, wee must
"be severd; and if that time be pre-
"vented by accident, yet we must re-
"solve to beare it with that patience
"and corrage as becomes men and
"Christians; and soe the great God of
"heaven send uss to meete againe eyther
"in this world or in the next." Ralph's
attachment to his father was quite as
warm: "Oh, Doctor!" he writes to his
uncle, Doctor Denton, the King's phy-
sician, who accompanied the army, "if
"my father goes to the Borders" (on a
mission with Lord Holland) "he is
"lost; I know his corrage will be his
"distruction: noe man did ever soe wil-
"fully ruine himself and his posterity."
"If you goe," he writes to his father,
"knowing your forwardness, I shall
"never think to see you more, but with
"griefe confesse that never man did
"more wilfully cast himself away." His
father answers, asking him "to putt
"soe much trust in mee as to beleieve I
"will not wilfully thrust myself into

"danger, nor will I thinke you could
"wish me to leave anything undone,
"when it falls to my turne to bee in
"action."

In happier days they write to each other merrily about the "noos," in the intervals of weighty business.

"I pray send your brother to Oxford
"as soon as you can. I will allow him
"forty pounds a year, and he shall have
"a cloth suit made him against Easter.
"Advise him to husbände it well. The
"King goes to Newmarket on Monday
"se'nnight." Sir Edmund, writing from the Court, says: "To requite your noos
"of your fish, I will tell you as good a
"tale from hence. A merchant of
"Lundun that writt to a factor of his
"beyond sea, desired him by the next
"shipp to send him 2 or 3 apes.
"He forgot the *r*, and there it was—203
"apes. His factor sent him fower
"scoare, and says he shall have the rest
"by the next shipp. If yourself or
"friends will buy any to breed on, you
"could never have such choyce as now.
"In earnest this is very trew." Much
troubled by sciatica—"which mustis
"right me word is your new name for an
"owld ache,"—of which he has "crewel
"twinges," he goes "to the Bathe" with
his son, who is also ill, and writes
pleasantly to his daughter-in-law to
excuse her husband from coming to her.
"Good daughter, I cannot prevaile with
"your husband to leave me; therefore,
"good heart, forgive us boath, since his
"absence is against boath our wills.
"We pass our time awaye as merrily as
"paine will give us leave, and soe, dear
"heart, farwell."

About this time Charles gave him his own portrait, in a black velvet cloak, with a star, a very fine Vandyke, three quarters—replica of one burnt in the great fire at Whitehall.

Sir Edmund seems, indeed, to have been greatly loved, for, says old Lloyd, with many impressive capitals, "He
"was a person of singular and most
"conspicuous Goodness, and *y*^e Kinge
"would often say he was *y*^e model of
"oeconomy in his family, which He would

"have all *y*^e Gentlemen and Persons of
"Distinction and Character follow that
"were about his Court, for he had *y*^e
"Piety of a Puritan in those days, *y*^e
"Charity of a Papist, and *y*^e Civility
"of an English Man; and he was ac-
"knowledge'd to be in histime the Onelie
"Courtier that was not complained of."
The portraits of his many friends hang round him, given probably by themselves, for he was always in pecuniary difficulties, and could not have afforded such expensive proofs of friendship.

Lady Carnarvon—a full length by Vandyke, with a fair complexion and light hair, in dark blue satin, set off by a tawny and yellow curtain, daughter of his "very loving friende" Pembroke and Montgomery.

Sir Roger Burgoyne—"in a blew mantle"—

"I, John of Gaunt,
Do give and do graunt,
To Roger Burgoyne
And the fruit of his loin,
The manor of Potten
Until the world's rotten"—

from whom there are many packets of interesting letters. "Burgoyne is a reall friende," writes Ralph in December, 1546.

Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley—a fine Cornelius Jansen—the old royalist celebrated in "Woodstock," a most intelligent face with bushy hair in dark doublet and point-lace collar.¹

A full-length of his Mother, by Vandyke—Eleanor, Countess of Sussex, who had married *en secondes noces* "the prime man of the Ratcliffes," much older than herself, "Chamberlayne to Queen Elizabeth." She was a great ally and correspondent of Ralph's, who helps her in her dealings with her son, her "furniture and hangings," her money matters, and her gowns. "Swite Mr. Verney" is prayed to get her "a figurd satine from France," "not like those
"to be hade heer, thirty shillings a yarde
"the axe, and the coler lokes lyke durt."

Sir Roger and Lady Sussex are "gossips" at the "cristening" of Ralph's sons.

¹ Verney Papers, Camden Society.

¹ At South Kensington

James Dillon, afterwards Lord Roscommon, a college friend and constant correspondent of *Ralph*, whose letters are many, and very entertaining. His father, the first Lord, had been converted from Catholicism by Archbishop Usher, and James was educated at Oxford, whence he seems often to have found it agreeable to ride over with *Ralph* to Claydon, where he had a great flirtation with two half-nieces of Sir Edmund, Doll and Anne Leake.

There is a *Cornelius Jansen* of *Anne* "in a Persian habit, furred;" she married a *Hobart*, ancestor of the Earls of Buckinghamshire. "Brother Doll," as James Dillon calls her, was a bit of a romp. She complained that he "had rubbed the skin off of her lippen." He sends her a dozen of gloves; "tenn of them I confess" were long since due unto her, the other "tow I mean to make her deserve when I meet her next."

Lastly, another *Cornelius Jansen*, the eyes and mouth exquisitely painted and life-like, of a beautiful girl in her prime, "in a shepherdess's habit, blew," daughter of a distinguished Royalist, Sir William Uvedale,—poor Nan, of whom Sir Edmund seems to have been exceedingly fond. He recounts her marriage with great pleasure; then "she is the joyful mother of a brave boy;" and two years after, just as he is going into battle with his master on the ill-fated Scotch expedition, he writes: "My Lord Chamberlayne (Lord Pembroke) sent for mee, and 'tould mee the sadd news of sweete Mrs. Henslowe's death, desiring me to break it to her father. Trewly I cannot express my greefe for the loss of her. She was one that I had an 'extreordinary esteeme for, and to whos love I owe much. I have now lost her; if she had lived a few weekes longer, she mought have lost mee."

Sir Edmund seems to have left his home on this occasion in very low spirits, as appears in his will, made just before his departure, which expresses his deep devotional feelings, and his strong affection for all his family. He ends it by making *Ralph* his sole executor, "having had experience of his fidelitie to me, and

"his love to his brothers and sisters and my much loved wife." His religious sentiments were very strong, and against all the proceedings of the King under the influence of Laud and the High Church party. "He considered the cause of the Scotch a righteous one," says Principal Baillie, "and was a lover of their nation." The attempt to force episcopacy upon Scotland was as ill-managed as it was absurd and unjust. The troops were almost without food. "The trewth is, wee are betrayed in all our intelligence." "We spend our money and our honner together." "The Scots have 15,000 men on the one hand, and Lasly with 30,000 more will be as neare uss this night on the other; our army very weake, and not well ordered." "Our men are very rawe, our armes of all sorts nawght, our vittles scarce, and provision for horses woarce . . . All for want of money to keep uss till we bee better men, or bring more men to uss." "The small-pox is much in our army; there is a hundred sick of it in one regiment." At one time the Scots approached so near the King's camp without being found out that he was in considerable danger of being captured.

Soon after the situation became so critical that Sir Edmund was sent to treat with them, "as he was known to be acceptable to the Scottish people," says Baillie. "Wherein thoghe I had a tough parte to play, I dare bouldly say I handled the business soe that I begatt this treaty; otherwise wee had, I doubt not, been at blowes by this time."

At last, finding that nothing could be accomplished, in June, 1639, the King suddenly rode up post to London from "Barwick" with his household (among them Sir Edmund, who had only just recovered from a bad attack of sciatica and "gowte")—"260 miles in foure days."

And now, November 3, 1640, the memorable Assembly met wherein the very crown of our English liberties may be said to have been established. It was a struggle which could have but one end, for, as Sir John Eliot had

said, "None have gone about to break Parliaments, but in the end Parliaments have broken them. The fates in that hold correspondency with Justice."

The father and son sat together for the first time—Sir Edmund for Wycombe, Sir Ralph for Aylesbury—sympathizing warmly on all great points, and yet often divided. Sir Edmund was in a peculiarly difficult position. He had been about the King almost from boyhood; the loyalty of the day was a sort of religion; and, though distressed beyond measure by his master's arbitrary aims, and the misery risked in promoting them, he could not forsake him in his distress, and seems at last to have seen no issue to his perplexities but death: "For my owne parte I have lived till paine and trouble has made me weary to doe soe, and the woarst that can come shall not be unwelcome to me." Shortly after, to add to his sorrows, poor Dame Margaret sank under her share of trouble and anxiety, and died, leaving a little girl of eight, and two or three more out of the "sixe sonnes and sixe daughters" not much older.

Sir Ralph had openly joined the party of the Parliament. He writes to Lady Barrymore, "Peace and our liberties are the only things wee aime at. Till wee have peace, I am sure wee can enjoy noe liberties, and without our liberties I shall not heartily desire peace."¹ His notes of the Long Parliament written in pencil on folded sheets of paper, evidently on his knees, edited by Mr. Bruce, and quoted by Hallam and Foster, are full of interest. Sometimes when the debate grew excited, and members rose suddenly, "the formal writing becomes most irregular," sometimes great jogs have been given to the writer's elbow. No record was allowed by the Commons to be made of their proceedings, and Sir Simonds d'Ewes and others mention the difficulty put in the way of any member who attempted it. On one occasion Sir Harry Vane stops an offender in this way, by saying "he remembered when noe man was allowed

to take notes, and wishes it to be now forbidden."

Very vivid the scene becomes sometimes, as we read Sir Ralph's account of what passed in that old House of Commons, burnt only thirty-two years ago, but which is now nearly forgotten; where, as Mr. Forster says, for three centuries some of the most important business of this world was transacted. It ran at right angles with Westminster Hall, and was about as long as the Hall is broad; beneath it was the crypt, which is now used as a chapel, and where Guy Fawkes and his barrels of gunpowder were discovered; in fact, it occupied the place of what is now St. Stephen's Hall. "There was a passage from it into the great hall itself, which in those days shared in the excitement of the House itself; there the members walked up and down in the intervals of debate." There the King passed on his way to apprehend the five members, "striking such a fear into those who kept shops in the said hall, or near the gate thereof, as they instantly closed their shops." The beautiful pointed arches and decorations of the old St. Stephen's Chapel, of the 13th century, had been hidden after the Reformation by boards below, and a ceiling under the old roof, and by a rude gallery into which the members mounted by a ladder. "There they sat, Puritan and courtier, the pick and choice of the gentlemen of England—by birth, by wealth, by talents, the first assembly in the world." With all the foremost of these on both sides, Ralph seems to have been acquainted, as may be seen in his letters; and Buckinghamshire was represented by the best of them. There is at Claydon an odd sheet of paper whereon twelve of the names of its members are "faire writ for sport" by themselves; Hampden's firm round hand very conspicuous amongst them.

The time was an anxious one, and the sittings became late. Lord Clarendon says, "When their hours had become very disorderly, the House sate till foure of the o'clock in the afternoon." Indeed, there is an appeal to

¹ Camden Papers.

them by their Speaker (who however was not much regarded) just before the debate on the Grand Remonstrance, against the "rush of members between twelve and one midday, such that he was faine to tell them they were unworthy to sit in this great and wise assembly that would so rush forth to their dinners." After their meal, Clarendon says, he "did often ride in the fields between Westminster and Chelsea."

And now, after an interval of eleven years, began the great struggle—the impeachment of Strafford, the attacks upon monopolies, upon the encroachments of the bishops, and the dignified assertion by the Commons of their rights, civil and religious, bound up together. "Believe me, sir," says Rudyard, "they who would introduce another religion into the Church must first bring trouble and anarchy into the government of the State, that so they may work their ends in a confusion, which now lies at the door."

Then comes the memorable debate on the Grand Remonstrance, 21 November, 1641, "of which Sir Ralph gives" (says Mr. Bruce) "a brief but most valuable report, the first that has ever been given to the world except the speech of Sir E. Deering." It lasted fifteen hours, from twelve at noon till the unheard-of time of three in the morning. There were several divisions; the final one—yeas, 159, noes, 148. Towards the close, upon Hampden's proposal to publish the paper, the wildest uproar prevailed. Herbert says, "We had caught at each other's locks and sheathed our swords in each other's bowels, had not the sagacity and great calmness of Mr. Hampden by a short speech prevented it." The House not being prepared or intended for night sittings, "the chamber was so dimly lighted," says Warwick, "it was like the valley of the shadow of death."

Sir Edmund was not present, but with the King, who had gone to Scotland greatly to the indignation of the two Houses. All their wrongs were enumerated; among others, Ralph men-

tions "Sir John Eliot's imprisonment under the King's own hand, and wanting bread."

Not six weeks after this, "on Monday, Jan. 3rd," came the attempt to arrest the five members, Sir Ralph's account of which is quoted in Hallam:—"The King sent a sergeant-at-arms to demand these members. The next day came information that they should be taken by force. 'Let them be commanded to absent themselves.' Jan. 13th.—A little while after the King came with all his guard and pensioners, two or three hundred soldiers and gentlemen. The King commanded the soldiers to stay in the hall, and sent us word hee was at the doore. The Speaker was commanded to sit still with the mace lying before him, and the King cam to the dore and took the palsgrave in with him, and command all that cam with him, upon their lives, not to com in. Soe the doores were kept open, and the Earl of Roxborough stood within the dore, leaning upon it. Then the Kinge came upwards towards the chaire, with his hat off, and the Speaker steped over to meet him. Then the Kinge steped up to his place and stood upon the stepp, but sate not down in the chair. And after hee had looked a greate while, hee told us hee would not breake our privileges, but treason had noe privilege. He cam for those five gentlemen, for he expected obedience yeasterday, and not an answer. Then hee called Mr. Pim and Mr. Hollis by name, but noe answer was made. Then he asked the Speaker if they were heere, or where they ware. Upon that the Speaker fell on his knees, and desired his excuse, for hee was a servant to the House, and had neither eyes nor tongue to see or say anything but what they comanded him. Then the Kinge told him hee thought his owne eyes were as good as his, and then said his birdes were flown, but he did expect the House would send them to him; if they did not, hee would seeke them himself, for

"there treason was foule, and such an one as they would all thanke him to discover. Then hee assured us they should have a faire trial, and soe went out, putting off his hat till hee cam to the dore."

"Jan. 5.—Committee at Guildhall, to consider and advise how to right the House in point of privilege broken by the Kinge coming yeasterday, with a force to take members out of our house. Divers mariners and seamen tendred their services, by petition, signed by 1,000 names, to guard the Committee by water to Westminster."

Buckinghamshire came out well in the struggle, and sent up a petition, signed by 6,000 subscribers, who "promised to live and die in defence of the privileges of Parliament."

The King left London "much malcontent," and about six months afterwards he brought matters to a crisis. He had retired with his court to York; where he summoned his adherents. Sir Edmund obeyed the call, his loyalty and personal affection unshaken; but it was with a sore heart and melancholy forebodings that he said to Mr. Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon (*Life*, part 2:)—"I do not like the quarrel, and do heartily wish the King would yield and consent to what they desire, so that my conscience is only concerned in honour and in gratitude to follow my master. I have eaten his bread and served him near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him, and choose rather to lose my life (which I am sure I shall do) to preserve and defend those things which are against my conscience; for I will deal freely with you, I have no reverence for the Bishops for whom this quarrel subsists." Clarendon adds, "His affection to the church had never been suspected. He was as good as his word and was killed within two months after this discourse." "It was a passage of that melancholick time which Mr. Hyde was wont often to relate, and with which he was much affected."

It is evident, indeed, that "this honourable and chivalrous gentleman," as Mr. Bruce calls him, desired death as the best thing that could happen to him. To such a pass had Charles brought matters that his truest and wisest friends, like Falkland, could hardly desire his success.

The standard was raised at Nottingham, 25th August, 1642. The utter want of preparation is almost incredible. It was with "300 infantry, without the train bands, 800 cavalry very ill appointed, the artillery still left at York for want of horses" (see Hume), that Charles prepared to inflict the horrors of civil war on his people. Sir William Uvedale, Sir Edmund's old friend, was sent in vain to London to negotiate, and the war began. The forces of the Parliament were mustered at Northampton; 15,000 men under Lord Essex. The King's troops had increased to 10,000 when he left Shrewsbury, and advanced on Banbury, but the look-out on both sides was so badly kept, that the armies were only six miles apart, and knew nothing of each other. When close to Edgehill, Prince Rupert reported the approach of the enemy. It was late in the day, but the battle began. A slight advantage was obtained against the right wing of the parliamentary army, and the raw troops of the King pursued. The tide of battle, however, turned; they were driven back with great loss; Lindsey, the King's general, was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner with his son. Sir Edmund Verney was "killed, bravely defending the standard," which was taken, the hand which grasped it still clinging to it, on one of the fingers of which was a ring containing the King's miniature, preserved at Claydon. "Selling it and 'his life,'" says an old paper, "at the rate of nine gentlemen who fell that day by his hand." Before night five thousand men lay dead on the field, neither party having gained any decisive advantage. Sir Edmund's body was lost in the *mêlée*. There, almost in sight of his home, and all that he cared for, this good brave man passed

away, while his body was buried among the hosts of unnamed dead who had spilt their blood fruitlessly in that dismal quarrel,—“in the two-and-fiftieth year of his age” only, but content, even glad, to die, in order not to see the evil that was coming.¹

Poor Ralph seems, at first, to have been quite overwhelmed. There are no more “notes” of Parliament; and, after a time, he got into trouble with the “powers that were,” and was obliged to go abroad. He seems to have returned to England several times; but in 1655 he was “seized at Claydon” and carried prisoner to St. James’s House, and after to a chamber at Mr. Hooker’s house that keeps y^e Tennis Court. He then entered on a Bond to “y^e Lord Protector of 2,000*l.*,” after which he settled in France. It must have been a sore trial to the methodical careful manager, to whom all were anxious to entrust their affairs, to have to transact all the business concerning his landed estates and intricate money matters through other people; all the items of which, however, are sent to him at Blois, where he and his family lived for many years, and where his wife died. The letters are all directed “Monsieur Ralph Smith”—time-honoured name for all refugees down to Louis Philippe; and his friends, and those of his father, Royalist and Parliamentary alike, do not forget him, and write constantly. Sometimes he is at Paris, and receives accounts, bodily and mental, concerning his children, from the governess, a sort of cousin,—how Edmund now sticks not out his little stomach, John spendeth not now his money in fruit and gunpowder, and the little gentlewomen are well. Edmund had been brought up by his grandmother Denton, and a good deal spoilt. When first he rejoined his family in London the old lady is very uneasy at his shyness, and pleads fondly for his bashful ways, “He must be woone

“by fare menes. The child was feloe
“good enoughe in my house; he is of
“a gentel, swet nature, sone corrected.”

At last matters were arranged in England, and in 1660 Sir Ralph returned to Claydon, settled his affairs, and took to all his old methodical ways, preserving every scrap that he ever received, and fair copies of every letter he ever wrote; indeed, as Mr. Bruce relates, his care went so far that there is one epistle full of flowery compliments and elaborate phrases, ticketed “This was never writ to any one,” ready for use. Nothing, indeed, was too minute to be kept. His children’s infant letters, every bit of an account or calculation, are carefully put by and ticketed. There is a little scrap in French from “son Jack at flulham school,” in which that worthy declares that he can never be an “escolic, et un
“métier me fera du bien a gayner ma
“vie; si je n’ay pas de quoi vivre
“comme je croy que n’aurais pas
“l’honneur d’en avoir quand je serai
“home; espuis je ne scauras gayner
“ma vie, mais petastre morer’s de fain.
“Encore que je scoye comme cela
“j’espère avoir toujours le nom de, &c.
“Je vous prie de manuoie un peigne, ou
“en Anglais (a com bruch).” Next comes a bill of Jack’s, carefully docketed by his father, April 5, 1656, for 10*s.* :—

Three yards of blake rubin for show	
strings.	0 1 0
Given unto our waterman for bring-	
ing of mee and my things	0 3 0
For gloves.	0 0 10
For kutting of my hears.	0 0 6
&c., &c.	
	0 10 0

Jack keeps to his desire for a métier, and his father at last sends him to a merchant at Aleppo. There is a tremendously long correspondence on the subject, Jack inquiring, “excusing his
“soe suddaine curiosity about (I only
“say about) what estate you intend me
“at first and last.” His father is a good deal annoyed. “You must know chil-
“dren doe not use to chatechize their
“fathers what estate they intend to
“leave them. Tis like to be more or

¹ The raising of the standard is painted in one of the passages of the Houses of Parliament, but Mr. Cope has put in an imaginary Sir Edmund.

"less, as you carrie your selfe towards me and towards your master. If soberly, honestly, and painfully, I shall think nothing too much for you. God in his mercy direct you for the best." Then follows a "noate of divers things, provided for Jack's voyage." Among these are Taylor's "Holy Livinge and Dying;" Bishop Andrewes' "Devotions," Gerard's "Meditations," and the "Imitation of Christ." The world of books is strangely small. Three of Ralph's favourites are still alive and doing good service, though the "doublets," the "stirrupp stockings," and "powder for the haire," which come next on the list, have all so entirely passed away.

Soon after the eldest son, Edmund, married the heiress of a very convenient neighbouring property, with an old house (still existing as a farm) at which they lived. Jack writes, hearing his brother "has done so well for himself," suggesting that he should lend him 1,000*l*. Next he inquires "after the health of the two young esquiers," aged one and two. He continued many years at Aleppo, which seems to have been the eastern town with which England was best acquainted. He had the taste of his family for scribbling, and his letters are very voluminous, full of curious little bits of information about the commerce and the country, but always asking favours, and full of professions and conceit. He seems to have inherited much of his father's minute methodical ways, but not his generous spirit and unselfish care for other people's interests.

One day this winter an embryo antiquary had taken one of the many untouched boxes of papers out of the Muniment-room to catalogue and abstract, when from amongst them dropped an unopened letter, addressed by Edmund at Claydon to John at Aleppo, 1670, the seal unbroken, the whole untouched, as it had been despatched nearly two hundred years before. It seemed almost like a breach of confidence to open it, but he brought it down that it might be done under shelter of the family

conscience. Within it were two smaller notes from the writer's aunt and sister. It was a long, gossiping letter concerning the affairs of the family, with a catalogue *raisonnée* of all his uncles, aunts, and cousins to the farthest degree, and gives a curious idea of the unsettled state of society ten years after the Restoration:—"Sithence you desire to understand what our native parcell of the world is doing: Aunt Elizabeth Verney hath married one Mr. Adams, a ghostly father. Cosen Abercromy says he is married and hath issue, but nothing to maintain them. Cosen Jack Temple, Sir R.'s brother, was tryed for having fourteen wives at once, and escaped the gallows. I think I have sufficiently spoken of marriages. Now for hanging, which also goes by destiny according to y^e opinion of some. My cosen, Fredd Turville, was hanged at Hertford for burglary and other crimes. But I'll speak no more of such ignominious ends, though these ensuing may be as deplorable; for my cosen Thom Danby was basely murdered in a tavern in London, by one Burrage; cosen Reade killed in France; cosen A. Temple, lieutenant in a ship of warr, was slayne before Algiers; and by a natural death are deceased old Aunt Lady Ursula Verney," &c., married to Sir Francis in 1599.

The letter was written, as they all are, on the first page only of the sheet. It seems to have been "manners" not to turn over; and excuses are often made of "want of room for more," with three pages uncovered; a very large margin is left, and then used lengthways for the parting compliments and messages. Even if necessity compels the writer to use the second page, the third, if possible, is left free; the paper is very rough and bad, the writing legible, and better than most hands of the present day. The notes enclosed were affectionate little bits from the women of the family, full of love, but containing little news. It seemed like dropping into the old family circle, their hopes and fears, their kindly ways and thoughts,

their love so fresh, their "noos" so old. John had left Aleppo when the slow post reached it; but why he had kept the letter without taking the trouble to open it, no ghost will ever tell.

Sir Ralph went on to the last managing the affairs of all his friends and relations, giving help, money, and advice to all his numerous brothers and sisters, and their children, and noting every penny carefully down. He had his picture painted by Lely (by no means a good one), built a very fine tomb in the little church close to the house—chiefly, it must be said, in honour of his beloved and ever-honoured father and mother—with busts at the top of Sir Edmund and Margaret, and at the bottom of himself and Mary, of which he had sent the "Draughts" from Rome during his travels, and finally passed away, full of years and prosperity, in 1696. He was succeeded by "Jack," Edmund and his family having been all swept away in the old man's lifetime.

Sir John was a successful man. He restored the family fortunes, made money, bought estates, obtained a peerage, and was altogether unlike his ancestors. There are two pictures of him, the first by Kneller, the second in his peer's robes. An overbearing, unpleasant, self-sufficient looking fellow, with pictures of his three wives hanging near him; one with the full lips, dishevelled hair, and dishevelled garments of that loose age; another with a lamb and crook, and a "sweet sensibility" expression on her middle-age countenance; and the third with a high *coiffure* like that of old Sarah of Marlborough, and a black servant by her side. He inherited his father's disposition to preserve all documents, and to treat every bit of writing as sacred, like an old Mahometan. He had a passion for genealogy, and his books are full of his curious notes. Amongst them are the earliest edition of a peerage list, added to and corrected by him, and a large volume containing the arms and stories of all the families and estates in that part of the country. There are collections of old sermons, and plays, with the history

of each prefixed, not always of the most proper description: several of these last are bound exactly like prayer-books, with no titles, perhaps to be taken into his big pew at church if he required a change. He must have been a most disagreeable fellow. A little old account-book, entitled "Martin's Diurnall, 1694," of his, was found amid a heap of rubbish; in it he sets down his journeys, rents, expenses, and cures, and a number of very hard bargains. His steward marks how "R. Lonsdale is to let my master" "have a coach-horse for 13*l*. if his foot" "hold good over London stones, but it" "his foot hold not good after the winter" "in London, R. Lonsdale to have his" "horse again, without my lord paying" "anything for the use of the horse."

Then comes the case of Dorothy Roades (the name is still among the farmers on the estate): she is short of her rent; opposite the delinquent's name are set the sums she ought to have paid; on the other side her defaults (the 0 always placed before the number when under ten), and at the end, in fierce capitals, "I lost by this woman 79. 08. 07."

Then a journey. "I drove up to London" "in my coach and six with Thom the" "postilion John Coachman and Sally" "Cookmaid, to St. James's Street, on" "y^e lower Tarrage." In the heavy soil of that county, six horses must have been a necessity, not a luxury; and if we remember how Sir Charles Grandison "sent three coaches-and-six of mine and my friends" to meet the fair Clementina at Dover, they must have been quite common.

Wonderful enough, after all his glorification of himself in life, he did not build a grand tomb for himself in death; he is only added on at the tail of his father's epitaph.

After him come a number of rather inane lords and ladies, in very smart clothes, but not wearing them with the grace of the old Sir Francis, who looked as if they were the natural outside of so gallant a gentleman. His successor was an amiable dull man of the days of George I., fat and comfortable, in a

bag wig and velvet coat, who advanced himself two steps in the peerage by dint of his borough influence, and had exceedingly bad pictures painted of himself and his wife, and his two sons and two daughters,—one a “conversation piece,” where they are all six sitting in the garden bolt upright, drinking chocolate, their cups and saucers poised on the tips of their fingers in a way which it must have required a special education to accomplish, a black servant, in the brown and crimson livery of the family, behind, bringing in a tray.

The only bit of interest is the extreme affection of my lord and my lady for their eldest son. He is painted four times, as a baby; then as the “*nobilissimus armiger Johannes*” in blue velvet, aged fifteen; then as a young man in an extremely smart coat. He married young, and died a year after, in his father’s lifetime, leaving one little girl.

His second brother Ralph succeeded—the last male of the direct line. He was a man of magnificent instincts, a great deal of taste and knowledge, and boundless extravagance. He fought the county in the Whig interest; put in Burke for Wendover (with whom there is a long and not very satisfactory correspondence); outshone and outbuilt the great house of the neighbourhood; bought up land; collected books, rare editions, splendid furniture (one bedroom was “*furnisht all with silver*”); sent for a splendid mantelpiece from Italy, with a lovely wreath of babies, the size of life, all round, costing 1,000*l.*, says tradition. The carvings in his new rooms were gorgeous in design and execution, the mouldings in each different; the ceilings in wood, wonderful in their variety and beauty. He was said to have employed Italian workmen and architects. He seems to have had a passion for perfection in artistic decoration, and to have gone on making experiments till he caught his ideal, without caring a straw for the cost. For instance, he made a staircase in the centre of the house, each step inlaid like a delicate marqueterie table, the walls ornamented with medallions,

and the “hypæthral fenestration” garnished with marine babies. It was right to find balusters “*sortable*,” and he tried one carved piece of work after another, of every size and shape, mahogany pierced work, leaves and scrolls, which were found lying in the “*oxhouse*” and over the pigsty. At last he threw them all away, and put up wreaths of wheat and scrolls in bronze, exquisitely elegant, which “*rattle as you pass*,” says the old guide book; and over all, having forsaken his ancestral motto,¹ he put an appropriate sentiment, “*Prodesse quam conspici*,” as if to show the greatest possible ignorance of himself.

And then came the smash. Before the house was finished, down rushed his creditors, and carried off everything but the heirlooms, even to one of the chimney-pieces, which was still unset and lying on the floor. His wife died in the scramble, and he himself was said to have escaped in the empty hearse which had removed her body. Half of his estates were sold, and he himself died soon after. Of him there is no picture to be found, only a hideous bas-relief in black plaster.

He was succeeded by his niece, and, though half the property had been lost, enough remained for the gentle lady, who seems to have lived a cheerful pleasant life, and was made a baroness by Pitt in 1792 in right of her borough influence. She died unmarried. There is a charming picture of her by Abbott, with a kindly mouth, and a good deal of shrewd sense in the eyes, in an old mob cap with a great blue bow in full front. She had a good deal of the love of art and of collecting inherent in her family. But, instead of the Parliamentary documents and letters of Ralph, or the genealogies of John, one of her drawers contained twenty-one fans; another was full of optical instruments, lenses, opera-glasses, spectacles; then came a heap of knives and scissors of all sorts and sizes, twenty or thirty of each; next, all instruments for knotting, netting, and knitting in ivory, bone, and tortoiseshell, carved and plain, useless and

¹ “*Ung sent ung soliel.*”

useful ; boxes upon boxes of painting materials, chalks, paper of all colours, rulers, brushes, pencils, gold-leaf, compasses, palettes, enough to stock a shop. But, though so much nearer in time, there is less known of her than of the old worthies ; and one of the few traditions is, that "my lady" used to ride about behind her coachman on a pillion

(which was still preserved a short time ago), "feeling timid for a single horse."

And so end the three centuries of the portraits of a family. A little pool reflects the sunlight as well as the great sea itself ; and the history of England for that time may be read in small, even in the annals of the family of Verney.

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, my childie, sleep,
I' the hush of evening deep !
Gone the last long lingering beam
From where the tender speedwells dream
With closed eyes by the woodland stream.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
Fresh dews of twilight creep
Through folded blooms of eglantine,
Stellaria, harebell, and woodbine ;
All open the large white bugles shine.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
Now dewy planets creep
Through skies of fading purple-rose ;
Yon elm sleek-foliaged overflows
With those love-songs the blackbird knows.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
The drowsy birdies keep
More silence—rare the cuckoo's note,
The dove's low plaint hath ceased to float,
Sweet breezes flutter in and out.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
The skimming moth may sip
Our bower's honey-suckle bloom,
That lavish breathes a rare perfume :
I hear the velvet hornet boom.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
The shepherd counts his sheep ;
I hear the cattle browse and chew,
Afield the click of ball that flew
Bat-driven, and the boys' halloo.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
Where meadow grass is deep,

Nor yet lies heaped the fragrant hay,
The crake is calling, or away
Where the corn melloes every day.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
Yon primrose skies must keep
Some chime of faint and faery bells,
Whose ebb and flow of tidal swells
Or close or open aerial cells.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
The summer breath can steep
All sights and sounds in hallowed rest ;
Beneath, far setting toward the West,
Rich seas of pasture swoon to mist.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
Rare does the swallow sweep
Now liliated pools for dragon-flies,
Nor orange mouths that gape supplies
While the dam greets with twittering cries.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
Still soft the marten's cheep
Below the eaves from rustic nest
With moss and bents and feathers prest,
Lined warm for many a downy breast.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
Four callow fledgelings peep
No more, but nestle to the wing
Whose darkness ne'er to them can bring
Doubt of the parents' sheltering.

Sleep, my childie, sleep :
Our earth-born clouds must weep
Their rain upon thy stainless brow ;
I only pray my child may know
Her Father's wing those shadows throw :
Then ever rest and sleep !

RODEN NOEL.

ON THE EXPRESSION OF THE EYE.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

WE live in an age so greatly enlightened upon almost all subjects, that one now hesitates to believe it possible that any single delusion still holds its own among us; so that any man who really thinks that he has some new thing to say, some new truth to enunciate, hesitates long nowadays before he speaks, and questions himself at great length and with considerable severity, as to whether it may not after all be the fact that he himself is in the wrong, and society at large in the right. And the man who thus hesitates and thus questions himself does well. The world has found out the truth in most things. That which has been received by all, "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*," is for the most part right. Mint sauce is good with lamb, and capers with boiled mutton, and port wine goes excellently with the cheese.

There is considerable self-denial needed for the proper discussion of any question in which we are really interested. A man must not sit down, pen in hand, full of his subject, or rather full of one side of his subject, and determined to support that side with every argument that he can call to his assistance, ignoring totally all that may be said by those who regard the question from another point of view. If he does this, he may indeed enjoy very keenly the task in which he is engaged, but he will effect nothing by performing it, unless it be the doing an injury to the cause which he wishes to serve. It is curious to observe how many of those opinions which we have espoused eagerly on first acquaintance are found, on further examination, to be wholly unworthy of support, and have to be abandoned in consequence.

The theory which I have now to submit to the reader's consideration has, at

any rate, been long under careful examination, and the result has been that I have found it needful to modify it to quite a surprising extent. The inquiry, then, which I wish to make in this paper is simply this:—"Have we not hitherto been accustomed, when speaking of the expressiveness of the human eye, to attribute too much of the expressiveness to the organ itself, and too little to those portions of the face by which the eye is immediately surrounded?"

It has been the custom among all sorts of people to speak of a malignant eye, a merciful eye, and so on. Now, have such persons ever seriously reflected what sort of thing an eye really is? This we must briefly examine into before proceeding further.

The human eye is an object about the size and shape of a middle-sized walnut. It is of a white or whitish colour, and has upon its anterior surface—the surface, namely, presented to the spectator—a round spot about half-an-inch in diameter, called the iris, in the middle of which is a small hole, through which the images of the different objects presented to our powers of vision pass through to be reflected on the retina within.

The organ which has been thus rapidly described is capable of but little change. The extent to which it varies in different individuals is very small. It varies—but this infinitesimally—in size, in the degree of polish on its surface, in the colour of the iris—which may be brown, hazel, blue, grey, or green—and in the quickness or slowness of its movements, upwards and downwards, and to right or left. So much for the degree of variation in this organ in different individuals.

As to the extent to which the eye itself varies in the same individual,

at different times and under different circumstances, that is still less. The large pale surface called the white of the eye never changes at all, nor does the iris, the coloured circle which surrounds the pupil. The pupil itself is capable of change. It is, as has been said, a hole, and this hole contracts in size when turned to the light, and enlarges when directed towards the darkness. I have heard it said that this hole also enlarges and contracts in cases of violent anger or other exhibition of passion, but this is a phenomenon for which I cannot vouch, having never observed anything of the sort myself. It may be, too, that through this dark tunnel there looks out upon us something from the soul within. This, however cannot be defined or described, but only felt. It is not to be estimated by the senses; yet let that mysterious something have its full weight, and never be forgotten, while these few pages are under perusal.

With regard, then, to what is tangible, and what lies open to observation. The extent to which the eye itself is capable of changing seems to be very small, while those changes of which it is capable appear to be such as can have only the very slightest effect upon the expression of the feature. (1) The whole organ can be moved with more or less swiftness in all directions; and (2) the size of the pupil—not of the iris, mind, which is what we observe chiefly when we look at a man—the size of the pupil is subject to changes.

Now this is not much. Compare the amount of expressiveness to be got out of these changes in the eye itself with the astounding and increasing variation observable in all the adjacent parts by which the eye is surrounded.

Those adjacent parts are in reality portions of the eye itself. They belong to it, make it what it is—good or bad, expressive or inexpressive. If I were delivering a lecture on this subject, which would perhaps be the best way of developing it, I would have several models made of faces of very marked

and very different expressions. They should have no eyes, but only a vacant space where the eye should appear. Then I would take one single pair of artificial eyes and place them first in one of the heads and then in another, and then we should see for ourselves to what extent (the eye being the same in each case) the organ is affected in point of expression by its immediate surroundings.

The fact is that the expression of the eye is affected by the very anatomy of the skull, and by the shapes of the bones round about the orbit. When the brow is prominent just above the eyes, and the eyeball consequently lies far back as under a penthouse, you will have an expression of eye entirely different from the expression which that same eye would present were it lodged in a skull so little projecting over the eyes that these should stand out prominent (instead of receding), shadowless, and as it were unprotected. Here, then, we have, beyond a doubt, the expression of the eye affected from the first, by anatomical considerations—by the very build and structure of the skull, the degree of prominence belonging to this bone or of flatness to that. And, doubtless, it would be possible to go even further yet, and prove how the eye is affected in its aspect by other portions of the anatomy of the skull besides those which border on the orbital cavity. To do this, however, would be to merge gradually into questions of general physiognomical bearing, questions connected with other features besides the eye, and the influence of those features on the expression of the organ with which we have to do. This would be extending our operations too far. We are dealing with one feature, and to that feature, and to those parts which seem essentially to belong to it, and to be part and parcel of it, we must confine ourselves.

The shapes and sizes of the bony structures which lie about the orbit, and the position of the eyeball with reference to these, are of importance for more reasons than one. By the build of these first causes beneath the sur-

face is, in the main, determined the characteristic form to be taken by the superstructure of flesh and skin which lies above the bone. If the frontal-bone over the orbit projects very much beyond the level of the cheek-bones below the orbit, it follows of necessity—since in such a case the eyeball would project but a very little beyond the level of the cheek—that the forehead would overhang the eye very considerably. In this case it will often happen that when the eye is directed straightforward, as in a keen glance at any object, the upper eyelid will shut up into the fold of skin which lies under the eyebrow, and so the upper eyelid will, for the time, disappear altogether. Now, this disappearance of the upper eyelid has a wonderful effect on the expression of the eye. It imparts an extraordinary keenness to the glance, and in some cases, as when this fold of skin and flesh forms a straight line above and across the eye, the effect of an eagle-glance is given—the eagle-glance of which we hear so much, and which owes so much of its shrewdness to a fold of skin and flesh lying above the eye. And, still in connexion with this question of the effect of the bony structure of the skull on the expression of the eye, let us consider for a moment the reverse case to that given above. Here the bones of the forehead are little prominent above the orbit, and almost on a level with those of the cheek-bone below; the eyeball is somewhat prominent, and is covered, as to its upper portion, by an eyelid of considerable depth, marking the swell of the eyeball underneath with great distinctness. The difference in the expression of the two eyes thus described will be something enormous, and this mainly dependent, let it be remembered, on the form of the osseous structure by which in either case they are surrounded,—that osseous structure affecting in so great a degree the external forms which lie above and outside it, that the first of these eyes has a glance of excessive sharpness and power, while the second will suggest

a person who is calm, peaceful, easily dealt with, and a poorer hand at a bargain than the other. Nor are these the only cases that could be cited in which the expression of the eye is affected by influences out of sight, and beneath the surface. The position of the eyeball in the orbit, forced forward or sunken deeply back, will be productive of results upon the expression of the eye which we observe without noting their cause. The size of the orbit, again, the situation of the eyeballs, high up or low down in it—that is to say, close up under the eyebrow, or at some considerable distance below it—all these are fundamental influences bearing, in a very important degree, on the matter in hand. Nay, a man's being fat or thin will affect the expression of his eye. In the former case that space between the eyebrow and the eye will be occupied by a fleshy mass, often sufficiently massive and heavy; while in the case of the thin man, we shall often find the position and the outline of the orbital cavity quite obviously defined, so that the most uninitiated observer could not fail to note the situation of the bony edge throughout its entire circumference.

So much for the lower range of influences, those, namely, of a structural kind, by which the eye is affected. More might be said on this section of the subject, no doubt; but what has been here put forward is enough for our present purpose. The results brought about by these influences are important:—1. The eye is prominent or sunken. 2. It is placed close under the brow, or it is at some distance from it. On these things much of the expression of the eye depends. Let the reader, before dismissing from his attention this part of the subject, think for a moment of the immense difference in point of expression between a sunken eye and a prominent eye, and remember, at the same time, that the eyeball itself may be the same in both cases, and he will, I think, begin to understand something of the influence of surrounding circumstances on the appearance of the eye.

The deep-set, thoughtful eye, with its reflective and philosophic aspect, and the staring vacant organ with no shade of thoughtfulness hanging over it:—how far is each of these what it is in consequence of its position in the skull, and how far owing to any difference in the eyeball itself?

That spherical object, with the dark circular spot in its midst, which is properly called the eye, is seen through an opening, cut as it were in the face, the shape and size of which opening differs continually in different individuals, and varies greatly in the same person under different circumstances. The margins of this opening are called the eyelids, and perhaps these features, if they may be called so, affect the expression of the eye more than any other part of the face. Below the under eyelid comes the cheek, and above the upper eyelid we have the forehead and eyebrow, and it is on these surroundings—so flexible, so capable of incessant and complicated change, so different in different individuals—that the expression of the eye appears to me mainly to depend.

The extent to which that aperture through which we see the eye is various in various persons is really curious. In some the opening is large, and this is called a large eye—the eye itself not being necessarily larger than ordinary. In some cases the shape of the aperture approaches towards the circular, whilst in others it is long and narrow, when we have what is called an almond-shaped eye—the eye itself being exactly the same shape in all these cases, and the opening through which we see it alone varying. Again, the opening of the eye slants from the corner nearest to the nose downwards towards the temple, or the reverse way, as with what we call the Egyptian type. Now let any one consider the variation in the shape merely of this aperture through which the eye (behind) is revealed to us, and he cannot help owning to how great an extent such variation affects the expression of the organ. What for instance is a cunning eye? In

nine cases out of ten it is the case that this peculiar expression is attributed simply because the opening in the face through which the eye is seen is small and puckered up. The eye proper *can* only assist that expression of cunning by its rapid and furtive movements. In the case of a cunning eye, again, we shall ordinarily find the cheek rising high beneath it, pushing up the under eyelid, and so contributing to contract the eye-aperture, and this, with the pressure from above of the somewhat lowering brow, will soon give us some of those wrinkles which are commonly called crows'-feet, and in every one of which we may read an infinite deal if we choose. There is indeed no variation, however infinitesimal, in any of the lines about the neighbourhood of the eye, which does not have its influence on the expression of the feature; and here there is endless variety in different individuals. The surrounding circumstances of the eye will not be found entirely alike in any two cases. The shape of the eye-opening, the direction taken by it, the depth of the upper eyelid, that line (full of expression) which marks the eyelid's upper boundary, and which is full of the most subtle variation, the very manner in which the eyelashes grow,—all these things, but, perhaps more than all, that most important feature, the eyebrow, are powerful in affecting the expression of the eye.

Indeed, this last-mentioned feature—as I will venture to call it—the eyebrow, is one of the most expressive in the human face. We must all of us have observed how prodigiously its lines vary; how in one case the eyebrow will slant upwards from the root of the nose towards the temple—as in the popular ideal of Mephistopheles—or the reverse way, the eyebrows elevated where they approach most nearly towards each other, and drooping as they near the temples. This slant will very commonly be exhibited in devotional pictures of saints and others engaged in supplication. Sometimes, again, these features

will adhere to a line which is very nearly or quite straight; and sometimes—very commonly, by the way—there will be an angle at or near the middle of the eyebrow, an obtuse angle with the point upwards. Lastly, this feature will occasionally describe the segment of a circle, presenting that arched form which is so much and so generally admired. All these forms, and endless variations of each of them, are taken by the eyebrow, and not one of them without a great influence on the expression of the eye,—an influence, too, increased immensely by those lines and wrinkles by which the eyebrow is surrounded, or into which parts of it are merged, as in the case of that powerfully marked upright line so often to be observed at the junction of the eyebrow with the nose. What a tale these wrinkles tell when anxiety and apprehension lie behind them! They get to be set, when such anxiety has lasted long, and impart to the eye a sort of strained look, which it is distressing to witness. We get what is called an anxious eye, but is it the eye that is so anxious, or may it not be the rigidity of the surrounding parts? When the good news comes, and anxiety is at an end, that subtle dragging of the skin into almost invisible wrinkles ceases, the forehead relaxes, the permanent wrinkles become less deep, and people say, “his eye brightened at the good tidings.” Does the eye brighten in such a case? Is the brilliancy on its surface susceptible of increase or decrease under the influence of transient emotion? That long endured sorrow, or illness, may dull the surface of the eye, and that protracted prosperity and splendid health may give it brightness, is not denied, but are these not permanent influences? Can any one say that a momentary triumph will make the surface of the eyeball become suddenly more polished than it was before, or a sorrow make it less so?

I believe that the chief tangible power of expression with which the eye itself is gifted lies in its capability of

rapid movement. When our supposititious piece of good news arrived, it is probable that at the moment when the muscles of the face relaxed and the skin became loosened from previous tension—it seems probable that at that moment the eyeball would move sharply, and this movement, causing its brilliant surface to catch the light, would make it seem to brighten. This power of movement in the eyeball is of great importance. In an expression of cunning, the eye moves to the corner of the eye-aperture, and in anger it will move and stagger as it were for an instant, before fixing on the object which has excited the passion. Now every movement of the eye causes a change of position in the light which the brilliant surface reflects, so that it seems to be brighter than before.

It so happens that all these regions outside the eye are remarkable for their flexibility and capacity for change. Let us think for a moment how they are all convulsed and altered by what we call a frown. The brow is lowered in an instant, and its shape and position actually changed, while the skin which moves with it descends in a terrible and ominous fold across the eye, which is by this actually reduced in size; the deep wrinkles between the eyebrows become deeper yet, and many more are forcibly developed in new puckerings of the forehead not there before; and, as the brow is propelled forward as well as drawn downwards by the action of the frown, a shadow is cast into the dark cavity over the eye which adds to the sinister effect of the whole.

Presently the “brief madness” passes away, the brow relaxes, the dreadful lines and puckers are smoothed away from the forehead; the eyelid, pressed down before, rises, and the expression of that eye, so fierce and terrible just now, is once again calm and serene. And how much, I cannot help asking, does the eye itself go for in all this? For something, no doubt; for, if it had not been there, the frown would have been nothing; yet in that great convulsion

it did not itself change perceptibly. It *was* changed, no doubt, but that was by the wonderful convulsion which passed over the regions surrounding it; but the white spherical object with the dark spot in the midst was still there behind—there, when the brow descended heavy with rage—there, when the cloud lifted, when the forehead became smooth, and the man himself again a reasonable soul.

And besides these great changes of expression which occur but seldom, and convulse the features with their force, there must be taken into account all those slight alterations which are transient and momentary, and which pass over the countenance as swiftly as the shadow of a summer cloud will cross a sunlit meadow. The quivering contraction of a moment's irritability, the momentary brightening up which goes with the quick perception of a jest, the little half-developed thought of suspicion crossing the mind, the kindling of a generous impulse or of a swift surprise—all things affect more or less that wondrous expression-machinery which we have been considering, and set it all in motion. No doubt the eyeball itself is affected also in these cases of transient feeling; but here I think it will again be found that the element which this organ contributes in the shape of expressiveness is motion, or little else. It moves swiftly and suddenly as each different feeling asserts itself in the face, and by such movement—movement, not change—helps to enforce the expression of the moment. This is a point to mark—the eye *moves*, but the surroundings of the eye *change*.

I believe that I may be even underrating the effect of these surroundings. Consider, in the case of an animal, the effect of the ears even on the expression of the eyes. The ears laid back, or pricked forward, make the eyes look vicious or intelligent, as the case may be; and with animals again we find that what expression there is in the eye itself is still given by movement. A glimpse of the white of the eye on this side or

that of the vast pupil will produce a wonderful change. The eye turned back in a horse, showing a portion of the white in the inner corner, imparts a look of nervousness and temper which makes us mistrust the animal in whom this phenomenon is observed, and think twice before we get upon his back.

And if the *entourage*—a French word which we want, and which can only be translated “neighbourhood” or “surroundings”—if the surroundings of the eye have so much to do with its expression, how much more are they inseparable from its loveliness? People talk of a beautiful eye. Why, almost every eye, as far as the eye itself goes, is beautiful. That pupil with its exquisitely true, yet softened edge, tinted so perfectly whatever its colour may be, and losing itself in the impenetrable central spot is, in itself, a beautiful object as it lies in the pearly-white of the eyeball. But how much does this go for if the eye-aperture, through which we see it, is small and ill-shapen, if the lid is wrinkled and unsymmetrical, surmounted by heavy lumps of flesh and by an ugly and malformed eyebrow? It goes for nothing. The eye may be a beautiful object in itself, but it is not beautiful to us because all these surrounding parts are ugly.

They play at a game in France in which certain members of a company are entirely concealed with the exception of their eyes. Everything is hidden except the eye itself—and then it is the business of the rest of the company to identify the concealed persons simply by their eyes. One who had played at this game told me that the difficulty of such identification is incredibly great, and that he himself was unable to find out his own wife when thus concealed. More than this, it happened that on one occasion a lady, celebrated for her beauty and especially distinguished by her fine eyes, la Duchesse de M——, was drawn into engaging in this pastime, there being only one other person hidden besides herself, and this an old gentleman *not* celebrated for his eyes. The pair

were duly concealed and bandaged up with nothing but their eyes visible, and then the person—a lady—who was to declare to whom the respective eyes belonged was introduced. Without a moment's hesitation she walked up straight to where the old gentleman was placed, and exclaimed, "Ah, there is no one but la Duchesse de M—— who can boast such eyes as these." She had made the choice, and it was the wrong one.

The extent to which the expression of the eye is affected by remote influences is most curious, and the examination of that branch of our subject might be carried very far. The man who carries his head forward, for instance, and so looks up at you always from under his eyebrows, how different is the expression of his eyes from that of the individual who with his head always thrown back looks at you with a downward glance *de haut en bas*. Yet this is a question of the mere position and plant of the head on the neck—a remote influence to affect the expression of the eye, certainly.

Into such intricacies as these we cannot pursue our topic. The subject is not exhausted; but I believe that enough has been said for our present purpose—which was to prove that, in regarding the eye as an engine of expression, we have hitherto not enough considered it in its relation to the parts which lie about it. I have also endeavoured to show how all these parts are full of an extraordinary influence on the organ itself, and have more to do with the expressiveness and

beauty of the eye than has generally been supposed. The expression of the eye is a wonderful and complicated thing, and my endeavour has been to prove how large a share in producing such expression belongs to parts contiguous to the eye but hardly belonging to the organ itself, and how entirely this last depends upon those surroundings which we have been considering for the fulness of its character.

And all this time it must be remembered that we are dealing with what is real and tangible only—what *may*, in fact, be argued about. We have been examining a piece of expression-machinery, and studying its external parts only. As to more spiritual matters, those have been left alone as of too intangible a nature for argument. What power the essence of the man within has to pierce through that dark opening which we call the pupil—what pity, what love, what command, may emanate from thence, nay, what magnetic force to control the lion, or to hold the madman in bondage—we know not. For these are subtleties which are too deep for us. The eye, most certainly, not only sees—that is, receives passively certain objects on its retina; but it also looks—looks reproachfully, looks angrily, looks lovingly, and the like; but how far such looks belong to the eye itself, or how far they may be influenced by the external phenomena which we have been examining, it is not possible to say with certainty, because of that spiritual element which we cannot deal with accurately, and which would be inseparable from any such discussion.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

A SMILE, half amused, half contemptuous, stole over Lorimer's gloomy face as he silently laid the letter down.

"It is very pleasant to know mamma is so well satisfied, is it not?" said Gertrude. "When first we came to England she thought people were not quite kind: that old friends had half forgotten her. I am so glad she is happy, and that all invite and welcome her."

"And I also am glad she is happy; though for the life of me I never can understand these artificial joys and sorrows. I wonder if you, Gertrude, will ever gradually become so enamoured of adventitious distinction as to feel flurried at getting an opera-box, or a big Chamberlain's card?"

"I should like to be noticed by all friends, and by my sovereign."

"That might not follow. These things are done by lists in the Chamberlain's office; often very carelessly and capriciously done; *always* with a great amount of favouritism; not the least in the way your poor mother supposes; and, when all is done, you are one, of a crowd of ten or twelve hundred persons, the majority of whom perhaps never get a glimpse of their sovereign."

"But I believe," said Gertrude eagerly, "that mamma was a very great beauty, and very much noticed at Court formerly; and her return to these scenes would not be unobserved. And then to come back to England, and all things English, after such long wandering absence—such sorrowful absence—that in itself must be happiness. Ah! how my father yearned to be well enough to return!" and she paused and sighed.

"Well," said Lorimer, "you, Gertrude, who are so fond of Italy and far-off lands, and have been away till you are half a foreigner, might be amazed and interested by hearing how little of 'England and all things English,' there is, at all events, in this Court to which Lady Charlotte returns."

"The English Court?"

"The English Court. What should you say if I told you that our royal family are in fact Italians and Germans, the German element predominating? The house of Brunswick springs from Albert Azo, Marquis of Tuscany, a prince of Lombardy, who is said to have lived to the ripe age of a hundred and one. He married, in 1040, Cunigunde, heiress of the first Welfs or Guelphs, Earls of Altorf, in Swabia. Their son, Guelph IV. of Esté, obtained the Duchy of Bavaria from Henry IV. and is the acknowledged head of the Guelph family. And then you get down a long line of foreign princes; past Henry Guelph, who lost Bavaria; past Guelph VI. and his romantic dealings with Conrad III.; past Henry Otho, the friend of Richard Cœur de Lion; past Ernest the Pious of Zell (one of that group of princes of the Empire who were first called Protestants); past the fiery old soldier, Prince Christian—who, losing an arm in battle, when marching to relieve Bergen-op-Zoom, always afterwards wore a silver one; past all sorts of confused links and intermarriages, till George Lewis married Sophia Dorothy of Zell, and was the first prince of the race that wore the British crown,—and spoke in broken English to his British subjects."

"I suppose I ought to know it all; but I never thought of it till you told me."

"No. And, if we were to stand on our nationalities as a merit, and on the antiquity of families—not royal, but at all events titled—perhaps some of the lower order of Scotch and Irish, and the humblest of English families, might make their boast of a more direct descent than what are called the aristocracy of our land. The latter are fond of boasting that they 'came over with the Conqueror,'—

"'From Norroway, from Norroway, from Norroway o'er the fiem,'"

as the old ballad puts it. Ah! what folly it all seems, sometimes, when one sits and thinks it over, this adoration of pomps and splendours; and how the quaint old text preached by the priest Sanders, in Wat Tyler's time, comes to mind:—

"'When Adam delled and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'"

"But would you put aside all distinctions if you had your way? I think you would find that impossible."

"No, I would not put them aside if it were possible. God made gradation: it is no invention of man's. He made strength and weakness of body, clearness or dulness of intellect, capacity and incapacity of all sorts; as He made men and angels. I object only to the inordinate value set on accidental distinctions: distinctions inherited or acquired in some way totally independent of any merit in the possessor: perhaps possessed by persons of singular demerit. I hold the sort of blind adulation offered to mere rank, wealth, and what is called 'position,' to be as much an intoxication of the understanding as the state of a man who rises tipsy from table. 'Drunken, but not with wine'—according to the Scriptural phrase. Drunken at the careless feast of life, and incapable of seeing things in their true light or relative proportion. In Spain and in Austria I think it is rank and high descent that people are drunk about, and in England I am not sure but it is wealth."

"Ah! yes; because wealth commands so many other things."

"Yes. Apparent splendour and good living—even if he does not share them—if he has no chance of sharing them—fill an Englishman's heart or brain with respect for the owner of these advantages."

"Not only Englishmen," said Gertrude smiling.

"No; it is in weak human nature: riches dazzle like light. There is a very ingenious and humorous story in a very old collection of Italian tales by one Sercambi, which represents the poet Dante as being invited by some king to dinner. He comes, dressed very shabbily; sits below the salt; and is overlooked and forgotten till after the feast; when the king says, 'By the by, what is become of that poet I intended to talk to?' Dante, who has meanwhile departed a good deal offended, is immediately followed and invited anew. He comes to supper, superbly dressed in crimson and gold, and is served with extreme attention; but the courtiers observe with amazement that he pours the soup down his sleeves, tucks cutlets into his bosom, and smears his velvet jerkin with rich sauces. 'Good gracious, your majesty!' says the boldest of these supping nobles; 'why has this poet such *bruttezza* in his manners?' The question is passed on by the king to Dante, who gravely replies: 'When I came here dressed shabbily, and sat quietly in my corner, I was forgotten and overlooked. I now come in very fine clothes, and am very much attended to; I therefore concluded it was rather my clothes than myself that you admired and invited, and I was willing to bestow on them a share of your hospitality.'"

Gertrude laughed. "Well, you confess it is a very old story, and one applicable to many countries and many phases of society; and it is inherent in human nature to be dazzled by splendour. The savage whose tawny neck is hung with beads, and whose hair is spiked with parrots' tails, is an object of the greatest admiration and envy,

rely upon it, to his less festooned comrades."

"Of course he is: leave it therefore to savages, and not to tutored minds, to adore tinsel."

"But it is not the tinsel they adore; it is the symbol of a condition beyond and above their own."

"We shall argue in a circle, since I come back to the denial of such appearances being just evidence of a condition above and beyond their own. Oh, Gertrude, one of your greatest charms is the utter unworldliness, the true perception, the natural independence of your mind, and I should grieve with a grief of which you can know nothing if contact with the world altered you. You have seen nothing of life yet but its real joys and real sorrows."

"Do you think," said she gently, "that such a preparation will make me more likely to set false value on those which you term 'artificial' joys and sorrows?"

"I scarcely know what I expect," said Lorimer gloomily. "We are told we cannot touch pitch without being defiled; and why should I hope that you will live in the world your mother is so desirous to see you enter, without gradually adopting some of the views held there? — false, narrow, absurd views."

"You have lived in that world yourself, and you see how opposite is the result."

"Among them, but not of them, like Lord Byron's 'Aurora Raby'; so innocent and unspoilable is my nature," said Lorimer.

"There! you said that with one of your own grim old smiles. You look at last more like yourself!" said Gertrude, smiling also.

"Have I not been looking like myself? I think that must be a change for the better."

"No, you have been looking much more gloomy than I ever saw you. You must have grown gloomier because I went away from Naples and left you."

She spoke the sentence playfully.

For a moment Lorimer Boyd turned to her with an expression she had never seen in his face: a sort of fierce wistfulness. Then he again averted his eyes, and said after a brief pause—

"Yes; I missed you. You see it does not do to leave a sullen man too much alone. Now take me out, and let me walk with you on the terrace, and see the improvements Douglas has made before and since he came to have your help. The poets assure us that all things smile in the sunshine: perhaps I shall smile also, and grow quite genial and jolly."

And Gertrude laughed a merry laugh as she led the way out, for the epithets "genial" and "jolly" were certainly anything but applicable to her friend Lorimer Boyd.

Sir Douglas met them as they advanced.

"Twice have I passed under those windows, and called to you," he said; "and you two were in such absorbed discourse you did not notice me."

"Yes. Mr. Boyd has been talking in a most republican and American manner. I do not know what Lady Clochnaben would say if she could have heard him. I believe he would be disowned, thrown off, and left entirely dependent on our indulgent willingness to shelter him while in Scotland."

"I have been merely generalizing, to prevent too entire a dependence on the flatteries of kings, courts, and grandees, now that Gertrude is to live among English fine ladies," said Lorimer. "I do not wish her soul's wings to be caught in the cobwebs."

The eager hand of Sir Douglas caught Gertrude's with a sudden clasp, and held it.

"My wife," said he, with a proud, confident smile, "will never have to depend on the frowns or smiles of kings, courts, or fine ladies. We will make a world of our own, and she shall be queen of it. I do not think she will give me much trouble by her desire to overstep those boundaries; and as to you, my dear Lorimer, you

will preach in vain to get the cobwebs that catch meaner hearts swept away. When Cinderella drove out in an enchanted pumpkin, she was saluted and cheered; but when she ran barefoot home, she was very naturally taken for a beggar. Gertrude shall keep a cheerful medium between these two states."

He kissed his wife's hand gaily, and gently released it, and she smiled shyly in his face. Lorimer shrank alike from the smile and the light caress. That happy security of wedded love smote him like a blow.

And in the midst of all his own new-found happiness Sir Douglas felt instinctively that there was, in his old friend, some inexplicable change, some cloud of mingled grief, discontent, and bitterness, that pained and puzzled him. He loved Lorimer Boyd very dearly, very heartily; he had no *half-love* to give any one: he longed to say to him, as when they were young lads at Eton, "What ails you, Lorimer?"

But, intimate as they were, that passionate brave man dared not ask his reserved and gloomy friend what ailed him.

"Not ev'n the nearest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh"—

and he was fain to remain ignorant of the reasons for smiling or sighing of his former chum and schoolfellow. Only now and then, as he thought it over, he wished Lorimer might find "a helpmeet for him," and so learn to see life in its most cheerful aspect.

And meanwhile it is not to be supposed that Lorimer sulked and sighed all day long. On the contrary, his visit was replete with pleasure and interest to those who welcomed him; and, after the first few strange hours, that curiously rapid familiarity with new objects and conditions of things, which those who have travelled much or had great experience of life must have been conscious of in their own minds,—that acceptance of, and adaptation to, circum-

stances and scenes which, from being vivid and startling, soon compose themselves into the every-day colouring of existence,—came to him also, with a certain sense of relief and calm. And it seemed to him that for years Gertrude had been doing the honours of Glenrossie Castle to him, choosing for him a room with a pleasant aspect, bending her graceful head over the well-furnished writing-table, to see that all was there that his busy hand could want, and cheerily notifying to him the breakfast, dinner, and post hours in the house of his friend. Almost he smiled "one of his old grim smiles," as she called them, when, left alone in his bachelor apartment, and, leaning back in the easy-chair with folded arms, and eyes musingly fixed on the old-fashioned cornices, he compared the *stunned* sensation which he had experienced during the first hour of his arrival with the settled freedom of thought and quiet conviction that there he was, after years of acquaintance with Gertrude Skifton, and much communion with her in afflicting as well as trivial scenes, at length a visitor in her home as a married woman, the wife of his old friend Douglas, who had drawn that excellent prize in life's uncertain lottery.

And Gertrude, passing back from her hospitable little cares to her husband's dressing-room, pressed a thankful kiss on his forehead as she said, "I am so glad he is come; I hope he will enjoy his visit here. Only think of that good, faithful, pleasant friend being son to that dreadful old Lady Clochnaben, and brother to that sick slug, who thinks of nothing but himself from morning to night! I am so glad he is come."

And then she sat down on a low *prie-dieu*, and half read her book, half watched, with eyes of exceeding love and admiration, Old Sir Douglas, though sooth to say he was doing nothing more admirable than perusing with very slender interest the *Edinburgh Courier* and other daily papers. And, as she watched him with enamoured eyes, she thought surely no one ever yet so exactly an-

swered the description given in some fragmentary lines of Leigh Hunt's :—

"No courtier's face, although the smile was ready ;

Nor scholar's, though the look was deep and steady ;

Nor soldier's, for the power was more of mind,

Too true for violence and too refined :

And whereso'er his fine frank eyes were thrown,

He drew the hearts he wished for to his own."

And, so musing, Gertrude decided within herself that she certainly was one of the most blessed and fortunate of married women.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WISER THAN THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

WHEN feline Alice found another subject for her watchful powers had become an inmate at Glenrossie, she purred more softly, and moved more circuitously, and sat more quietly in window-nooks, than ever. She also made more visits than ever to Clochnaben ; and, indeed, in nothing did she more resemble the analogous cat, than in her swift and sudden disappearances and apparitions—that mixture of slowness and swiftness peculiar to Grimalkin. You saw her stealing along in the sunshine by the broad yew hedge, and thought her still in the garden ; when lo ! she eluded your eye, and was off in a noiseless scamper round the wall, and through the gate, and over the hill. If you met her face to face (which was the rarest of accidents), your presence seemed to give the same signal for flight that it always does to the cat. She might be doing no harm whatever ; she never *was* doing any visible harm ; only prowling along, with a book, or a few flowers, or a half-eaten peach ; but instantly, with a sort of whisk like pussy's flexile tail, the light shawl was thrown together, the book seemed to close of itself, and that, or the half-eaten peach, or the gathered flowers, half vanished under its fringe, grasped by a little pale-fingered hand. If her greeting was

not an absolute "mew," it was seldom a more articulate sound ; and then she passed you. She never turned to walk with you : not once, on those few occasions that Gertrude had thus encountered her, had such an attempt at companionship taken place. She passed slowly, and disappeared swiftly. You could not say she ran away, but, somehow, she was gone. As to the frank, audible "Good morning," or, "What a sweet evening !" or any allusion to rain, frost, sunshine, shade, blossom, or fruit, such as generally marks this sort of meetings in familiar haunts, between inmates of the same dwelling,—her little colourless mouth had never shaped such syllables to any one. Gertrude had wasted much gentle pity at first upon her. She set all down to the habitual loneliness of her life. The pity of affectionate natures is often wasted thus. The impulsive cannot comprehend the impassive. Warm words and tender approaches are expected to subvert a condition of things as changeable as if the flint stones of the bare sea-beach were watered to produce a crop of primroses.

At first, Alice made a visible (though very cautious) attempt to please Lorimer Boyd. It was her habit. No one could tell how the conversation fell on topics familiar to him. No one could say how this grave, slow-speaking Miss Ross had learned so much of international law ; or where she picked up her odd particulars of diplomatic tradition—from embassies to Attilla down to the receptions of Queen Elizabeth ; from the gossiping inventions of ancient Lord Malmesbury to the *menù* of the festival dinners given by Lord Castlemaine in the last embassy sent by England to the Pope ; all which topics she handled without much sequence or order, but in a natural innocent way, as if Lorimer's presence had merely reminded her—roused in her, as it were, one of her habitual and favourite trains of thought.

But Lorimer Boyd was not a man easily flattered or easily taken in. In his own way, he was as much a

watcher of those he associated with as Alice herself. It was watch for watch. She was Douglas's half-sister, and he was rather curious to decide what sort of woman the daughter of that icy Lady Ross had turned out; he vaguely remembered thinking her a most repellent little specimen of girlhood, when he and Douglas were boys; but his judgment of her now was more favourable. When first Gertrude asked him in one of their walks, "What do you think of Alice?" he answered readily enough: "Well, she seems a harmless little 'crittur, with a good deal of shrewdness and intelligence."

But, towards the close of the second week of his visit, it happened that Sir Douglas and Alice set off for a ride together, and Lorimer Boyd, after assisting to adjust the habit of the lady, and handing her a little whip as slender and flexible as herself, looked after her in a musing manner for a minute or two; then turning to Gertrude, he said, "That is a very nice pony of your sister-in-law's, and would take a long day easily. I should not be surprised if she rode a broom-stick at night."

"Ah!" laughed Gertrude, "and a little while ago you said she was a 'harmless creature.'"

"Yes. I thought so then. I do not think so now. I think she is a creature full of harm. But Douglas does not."

"No. Douglas is fond of her, and she is getting less afraid of him."

"Afraid of Douglas! Miss Ross afraid! Rely upon it, Gertrude, she fears nothing in this world. And I much doubt if she fears anything in the next."

"She would be much surprised if she heard your last remark: for she is stricter than strict as to her religious theories."

"Theories?—yes. Our religious theories are for our neighbours; the *practice* is for ourselves."

"Well! we will talk of something pleasanter. You can't think how painful it was to me to find I could not like Douglas's sister. He has so few relations, and this the only near one. I

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wish you were his brother; though, I believe, even then he could not love you better than he does."

That very evening did Sir Douglas confide to his wife (making poor Gertrude feel quite guilty in consequence of the memory of the morning's conversation) that he thought it would be a remarkably happy chance if Lorimer were to fall in love with Alice; that it would be a most suitable choice, Alice being extremely sensible and fond of grave employments, and no longer a mere girl—which would not suit Lorimer. He even attempted, in his own unsophisticated way, to further this chance, and open the eyes of Boyd to her merits, by saying one day, "Don't you think there is something very remarkable in Alice, in spite of her quiet ways?" And Lorimer's answer was, "Yes, indeed I do." But, whether grim smile, or grim tone, destroyed the value of the verbal acquiescence, it is certain that Sir Douglas felt so much irritation at the reply that he rejoined rather testily, "You have lived so much abroad, Lorimer, that I don't think a quiet Scotch or English woman has any chance of pleasing you."

Lorimer did not speak. He was looking at Gertrude, whose cheek had flushed suddenly during the brief colloquy. He thought of days at Naples, when angry insolent Kenneth had spoken of *her* as "one of your quiet girls," from whom much evidence of preference could not be expected. Ah! how unlike the quiet of Douglas's half-sister was the nature of his wife, and how strange that the man who so truly loved the one could be taken in by the other!

Strange as it might be, however, in Mr. Boyd's opinion, Sir Douglas leaned greatly to his half-sister. And the inexplicable result of all was, that when Alice—aware instinctively that, instead of pleasing, she displeased,—withdrew as cautiously as she had advanced, she adopted a certain manner of being timid and rather ill-used—ill-used in not being more liked, and more petted; but wistful and sorrowful, because of course it was her own fault: it could

only be her own fault that she did not please more! She would engage as formerly in the conversation, and then suddenly withdraw from it; give out little final meagre sentences, and cease; as knowing that her talk was not wanted, was not welcome. She would answer Gertrude's call of "Are *you* coming too, Ailie?" by a doubtful dropping of her work or book, and a sort of appeal to Sir Douglas, if he happened to be present, "Oh! I don't know; do you think they really want me, or that Lady Ross says it out of kindness? I feel so *de trop*—they know each other so well, and I don't know Mr. Boyd at all;—oh! no—let me go with *you*. I will wait till you go—please let me!" Once, indeed, she even ventured to say, after long silence and leaning of her head on her hand, with a sort of wondering sigh, "Can I have offended Mr. Boyd in any way, or is it only that I bore him?"

Which speech so touched honest Sir Douglas that he suddenly stooped and kissed her on the forehead, saying at the same time, "My dear Ailie, how can you be so foolish? How could you bore any one? I'm sure you are better informed than most women. But Lorimer was always rather an odd fellow."

And "Ailie" was quite satisfied with the result of her dejected remark, but she only replied humbly, "Do you think so? But you are so good, Douglas; so very good; so good to *every* one!"

So good to every one, that even to her (poor waif and stray as she must consider herself), even to *her*, some little share of manna must fall and be gathered. That was the tone taken by Ailie, in pursuance of the tactics of Ailie. Oh! if gallant and frank Sir Douglas could but have seen her in her turret chamber, an hour or so afterwards, how extremely startled and puzzled would that excellent soldier have been!

Standing on tiptoe; watching; leaning up against the shutter of her high window; twisting and untwisting, with slow though restless fingers, the long boa of light-coloured fur which was coiled round her neck, to protect her

throat from the evening air; her eyes half-closed, as short-sighted persons habitually close them to assist their vision—giving out a sort of trembling glitter; her brows set in a hard frown, and her lips in a compressed smile, the union of which contradictory expressions make up the "demoniac" pattern, followed in Mephistopheles, and such like representations. If he could have seen her! And all because Clochnaben's brother would not like *her*, and she knew, from old Lady Clochnaben, that he had liked her sister-in-law; and she wondered, as unconscious Gertrude advanced with her companion up the steep terraces to the oaken doors, how all would turn out, and whether they were talking of her, or of old times, or what.

As she watched, they stopped; a short distance from the entrance. Gertrude had been smiling; now she looked suddenly grave; more than grave—her face wore a look of painful pity; Lorimer was telling her something that moved her greatly. What could it be? Presently he struck with his cane at the lower branch of one of two stunted old fir trees, whose picturesque appearance saved them from being uprooted and carted away for firewood.

Then, all of a sudden, it flashed upon Alice Ross what Lorimer was narrating! He was telling the memorable story of the hanging of the two dogs, which preceded the sending of Douglas to Eton, where he and Douglas first became friends. No doubt abusing her mother, and making out a fine story of ill-usage and cruelty to the boys long ago. And, though Alice had not loved her mother (being indeed herself too much of that mother's nature), she resented the supposed abuse. She would have liked to have thrown a sharp stone at the speaker: to have shot a poisoned arrow at him: but he and Gertrude passed on, under the archway; and the fierce illumination of Alice's cat-like eyes subsided as she turned away from the window, and prepared to smooth her hair and dress in soft white muslin, and go in to dinner with a noiseless velvety step, leaning humbly on her brother's arm.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GODLY FOLK, AND RELIGIOUS FOLK.

"Is it not most unnatural that you should prefer staying on, as you are doing, at Glenrossie, instead of being, as you ought to be, at Clochnaben, Lorimer?"

"Well, no, mother; it may be wrong, but it is not unnatural."

"Don't smile at me in that way, sir; I hate it! You know we're all here in confusion and torment. That shameless sinner from Torrieburn, and her husband, and the drunken old miller her father, have all been up here, actually up at the castle, expecting to see my face, and storming loud enough to be heard round the hall, and up the turrets."

"And did you see them?"

"I? I see that low-bred sinner with two names? Lorimer, you disgust me."

"Really, mother, the inscription of Maggie Ross's sins on my memory——"

"Don't call her Maggie Ross, if you've any sense left of propriety!"

"Well, of Maggie Heaton's sins,—on my memory, is mossed over by Time, like an old tombstone."

"Then you read Scripture to little purpose,—The worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched,—that's Scripture dictum?"

"So is—'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as wool,' mother."

"Lorimer, you would try the patience of a saint."

"Saints never have any patience—not, at least, with their neighbours and fellow-creatures; only with their martyrdoms."

"Will you be serious? or will you tell me at once you don't choose to assist me when I send for you, and so take yourself off again to Glenrossie?"

"I will be serious, mother, quite serious; but we think so differently on these topics. Maggie Ross—or Maggie Heaton—was, I believe, a girl of sixteen when Kenneth Ross chose to tempt and ruin her. I consider her, therefore, more sinned against than sinning. She

is now a woman of middle age, re-married, and to a clergyman——"

"Clergyman, indeed! the boy's tutor!"

"Re-married to a gentleman who was her boy's tutor. And, apparently, with no fault towards her present husband, except her vulgarity, which she cannot help, and which must have been just as evident (though her beauty may have excused it) when he first took her to wife. They are your neighbours, and connexions of Douglas; and I should have thought that Christian charity——"

"Lorimer, don't exasperate me by talking of Christian charity! Leave Christian charity to the cooks that sell and give away the dripping that don't belong to them. Don't preach such abominable nonsense about charity to a woman who's as fat as a porpoise, and as bold as brass; with her hair all blowzy, and a tongue like the clack of a mill-wheel! Such a woman to dare to come here to Clochnaben! Here,—where her very existence was never acknowledged."

"Bless me! poor annulled and ignored Maggie. But now, my dear mother, what has she been here about? and how has she at last compelled you, by some riot you have not explained to me, to give her a hearing, and, though late in life, at last to acknowledge her existence?"

"I gave her no hearing, I tell you; except that my ears were dinned and deafened by her brawling below. And I refused to see the miller, or her husband the tutor."

"Then you did a very uncourteous thing. What did they come here about?"

"They came here brawling and complaining, and saying they had made the discovery (discovery, forsooth!) that the plugged cart-wheel that was blown up under Heaton's ridiculous ornamented window was part of a cart left on my factor's ground, and that he must have had something to do with it; and that they insisted on seeing me, and having an inquiry into the whole matter."

"Well, that seems simple enough; and the agreeing to it ought to have satisfied them, and sent them away."

"Agreeing to it! I do think, of all the provoking sons that ever were born, you are the worst. Agreeing to it! I just sent the factor himself, honest man, to speak with them, and give them their answer."

"And he exculpated himself, of course, and denied it!"

"Exculpate!—exculpate to that brazen sinner! He told them to go about their business, and not come flying among respectable people. He called Maggie's father a drunken old carle, and Maggie herself some name or other—a forswearing jade, I think it was—and said something about her not being married, and the conduct of the people at the Mill——"

"Oh, mother!"

"You may say 'Oh, mother!' but I'll tell you what it is, Lorimer: if you can't take reasonable part with your own people, and choose to leave your mother's house to be invaded and insulted, I'm no mother of yours; and the sooner you get back to Italy, or elsewhere, the better I shall be pleased."

There was gloom and a sort of sorrowful contempt in Lorimer Boyd's eyes, as he raised them to his mother's face; who, tall and gaunt, had stood up in the angry excitement of the last sentence. "Mother," he said, "you desired me, just now, to be serious. Will *you* be serious, and tell me clearly what these people have done, and what you want *me* to do?"

"I want you to prevent my being subjected to such insolence."

"How can I prevent it? In my opinion, you should have received, at all events, Mr. Saville Heaton, courteously; assured him that the strictest inquiry should be made into the outrage he justly complains of, even though you felt convinced no one employed by you on this estate could have had art or part in such an atrocious act; and so dismissed him. I think it was an insult to send to him the very person of whom he came to complain."

"Then you think precisely the contrary of what I do. I sent the factor to deny it, and there's an end. I'm not

going to interfere with any inquiry, or anything at all of the sort. They've made their beds, and now they may lie in them,—that's my dictum."

"What beds?"

"I'll tell you what, Lorimer: though Clochnaben's a poor creature and a sickly goose, he's a better son to me than you are, with all your brains and your book-writing. You know well enough what I mean. I mean that they've chosen—with their new-fangled notions of singing, and glass windows, and indecent consecration of bits of ground, where parishioners lay in their proper graves before ever Mr. Heaton was thought of—to set the whole neighbourhood against them. The place is in a perfect uproar with his ways; and I'm sure I don't wonder at plugged cart-wheels, or anything else, with that Jezebel living at Torrieburn, and he preaching fancy sermons wide of the doctrine, and burying folks as if they were Roman papists."

"Do you seriously think that, because a man preaches as an Episcopalian, and endeavours to get a bit of unused burial-ground consecrated for the reception of the dead bodies whose occupying souls were, in their life, of his own persuasion, it is therefore fair, right, and not to be wondered at, that an attempt should be made to blow up his house, injure his property, and, for aught the criminal could tell, destroy lives?"

"I desire you'll not call my factor a criminal."

"Then you think it *was* your factor! Mother, it is with grief and shame I leave you; and I shall go straight to Torrieburn, and talk this over with Saville Heaton."

"I *don't* believe it was my factor; but I don't choose you to take part with these people; and I hope the vengeance of heaven will fall down upon them for their conduct."

"Good God!"

"Ay, 'Good God!' and He wouldn't be good if there weren't punishment for the bad; that's my dictum."

Lorimer rose.

"Before I go," said he, with gloomy

gravity, "I will once more put the question I ought simply to have asked at once, instead of jesting on these subjects—What do you want done; and why did you send for me?"

"I want to—to sweep these people away," answered Lady Clochnaben, fiercely. "I want you to desire your friend Sir Douglas to get Mr. Heaton removed to some other neighbourhood. He can do it if he chooses. He has plenty of interest; let Mr. Heaton have another living."

"My dear mother! Do you consider that Torrieburn is Mrs. Heaton's home? Do you suppose she would consent?"

"Who asks her consent? You really are too young to be rocked in a cradle, Lorimer. Let Mr. Heaton find her a home; where he goes, she can go. That young ne'er-do-well, Kenneth, is of age; indeed, he must now be two and twenty, or more. How is *he* to bring a wife (if ever he does anything so decent as take one) to live with that red-haired flaunting Jezebel?"

"Ah, mother; cease the abuse of that poor soul! It pains me always, that barking of one woman's mouth against another, and it pains me doubly, trebly, when I hear it from my mother's lips." He paused, and added hurriedly—"Douglas took *his* wife—took Gertrude—to call at Torrieburn."

"Then he ought to be ashamed of himself; and *she* ought to be ashamed to hold up her head among honest women."

"Who?"

"Lady Ross. I, for one, have little desire to see her, if she keeps such company."

A short scornful laugh, followed by a sigh from the very depth of his discontented heart, was all Lorimer's reply.

Between him and that gaunt fierce mother rose the soft blushing vision of Gertrude,—Gertrude, shy, passionate, pitiful, womanly,—Gertrude, fond and loving. If ever *she* had sons, could there come a day when her son would feel as he did now?

Oh! mothers, and wives, and sisters, and daughters,—never let a man, con-

nected with you by the nearest and dearest links that God can establish between His creatures, compare you with other women, and find you so wanting in all woman's best attributes, that his heart aches at the result of his comparison!

While Lorimer Boyd, lost in painful thought, slowly reached his hat and prepared to depart, the door of the dark oaken room where they sat suddenly opened, and Alice Ross appeared in the light on the threshold. She was agitated, —obviously agitated; and Lorimer, who was accustomed to all her artificial ways, looked at her now with startled curiosity.

"What is the matter?" said Lady Clochnaben, sharply; showing that to her also Alice's manner appeared to betoken something unusual, as she stood, pale and quiet, in her grey riding-habit.

"We want help. Douglas is in the glen with a man—a man who has fainted; quite a young man; he began telling us the circumstances, but he fainted away. He has escaped from confinement in some Roman Catholic college, where the priests held him for punishment. And he was making his way south; but he has taken so little nourishment that he could not get on."

"There!" said Lady Clochnaben, triumphantly, "*that* comes of your teachers and preachers like Mr. Heaton. Send down some of my people to the glen: and you, Lorimer, come with me. Will you take anything, Alice?"

No. Alice did not want anything for herself: but would it not be better to take some refreshment or stimulant to the man in the glen? He might be dying. He seemed very ill. She spoke with her usual drawl, but her eyes gleamed.

To the glen the whole party proceeded: and there, somewhat recovered from his fainting fit, and leaning exhausted against the bole of a tree, they found the stranger, attended by Sir Douglas. Alice's sure-footed pony was placed at his service, Alice herself mounting Sir Douglas's horse; and the

rest of the group returned slowly, keeping company with the riders.

Arrived at Clochnaben, the young man, so opportunely assisted, entered into full explanation of his unfortunate position. A convert from the Roman Catholic faith, he had intended entering orders, if possible, in England; but, on returning to the college where he had been educated, he was detained, threatened, cajoled, and again menaced. He was finally put into durance, where he had remained six weeks, daily visited by the priests, and urged to return to the real fold. Escaping, during a wild stormy night, by the romantic expedient of catching hold of a branch that swung past the window of the chapel where he had been permitted to attend a midnight mass, he descended to the glen, by following the course of the rocky river which divided the lands of Clochnaben from the secluded spot where the obnoxious seminary was situated, and which indeed was little more than a substantial farmhouse and outbuildings, to which a chapel and surrounding stone walls had been attached.

Six weeks of a diet approaching starvation; in confined air; tormented by exhortations and watching, and forbidden ever to recline even for an hour's rest, had so reduced him, that he was unable at length to do more than crawl into what appeared to him the vicinity of fellow-creatures. He described very graphically the dreadful mixture of hope and fear with which he beheld, high above and beyond him, the grey towers with scattered lights, standing up in the night, while he lay helpless on the earth; and the sensations produced in his mind by the slow approach of the sound of horses' feet leisurely coming onwards, till the reassuring sight of the grey habit of Alice and the stately form of Sir Douglas emerged into view from the woods. He desired only a day or two's hospitality till he could communicate with friends in Shropshire, who would arrange for his return to them; and in a very gentlemanlike and natural manner he thanked the persons round him earnestly for his rescue. "I think,"

said he, "if I had not fallen in with Christian friends just when I did, I was in such a state of exhaustion that I should have succumbed to it, and you would have had to conjecture respecting the stray corpse of an apparently starved man, instead of assisting a living one."

He smiled faintly as he spoke; and his countenance, meagre as it was with suffering, was far from unpleasing. Large dark intelligent eyes, looking larger from the extreme hollowness of his cheeks, and a costume rather in the style that is termed "shabby genteel," prepossessed the female portion of the group in his favour; and gaunt Lady Clochnaben condescended, after a pause, to command "the red room" to be got ready for him; observing, with very obvious truth, that Glenrossie was a good way off, and, as the young man was then in the very grounds of Clochnaben, he might just as well remain there. Alice, Lady Clochnaben also invited to stay the night, by way of company for the stranger. Sir Douglas rode home, with the story of their morning's adventure to interest Gertrude; and Lorimer executed his intention of seeking the inmates of Torrieburn, and hearing their reasons for supposing the Clochnaben people had anything to do with the dangerous act of malice directed against the safety and comfort of Mr. Savile Heaton.

The "red-haired Jezebel," whose warm golden locks were still as blowy as in the morning visit to the irate dowager, and her ample bust still heaving with hysterical remainder of past sobbings—was greatly touched by the courtesy and kindness of Lorimer Boyd's manner, and the interest and sympathy he showed in the unwarrantable attack made upon them. But, if she could have torn gaunt Lady Clochnaben to pieces with her wild white arms, she certainly would not have shown much mercy; and the extraordinary vehemence with which she kept striking her own knees, in anvil fashion, with her well-shaped hands doubled as if for boxing, half amused and half irritated Lorimer while talking to her. So did the remarks she

did not scruple to make on his mother ;
seeming entirely to forget the relation-
ship, and, with a confused reference
to her narrow stock of books and their
subjects, calling that lofty dowager
"Auld Jack the Giant-Kill'r," and the

"Bogle-bo o' Billy Myre,
Wha kills the bairns a'."

But a yet greater disturbance of
Maggie's peace (if Maggie ever knew
the word peace) was to come.

To be continued.

THE GREAT CHESNUT TREE AT KEIR¹

TO ITS OWNER,

In the Storm of October 4th, 1860.

Oh ! master, master, such a weary night !
With wolfish might,—
The storm hath howled around your house,
And fought and buffeted my boughs
Till dawning light !
You heard not half the tempest's din,
There was rest and warmth and peace within ;
But, in the wold without,
The storm-blast kept a wild unwearying rout,
Whirling my leaves about.

Along the western coast
All the sea beacons were in darkness lost :
There, monstrous winds with unresisted sweep,
Sent helpless ships athwart the heaving deep,
While ceaseless rain in blinding sheets was driven
With drenching force 'twixt mingling earth and heaven.
Inland, the crashing fir-trees swayed and fell,
'Mid roaring echoes from the suffering dell,
And stars kept watch in vain : for rolling clouds
Wrapt all their trembling light in floating shrouds
Which, grey and murky on the midnight blast,
Like witches' drapery passed.

But I stand, master, I stand !
Fragments of weaker things are round me strewn,
But the storm's wrath hath failed to beat me down ;
I scorn the malice of its strength, even though
The lordliest branch I had, lies low,—
Prone as some poor dishevelled head
That weeps the lately buried dead
On some green mound, beneath which lies
The vanished light of loving eyes.

¹ This remarkable tree stands on one of the fine terraces facing Keir House, the residence of Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart. M.P. for Perthshire, author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain," "Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth," "Songs of the Holy Land," &c. &c. Sir Walter Scott makes mention of "the lofty brow of ancient Keir" in his poem of "The Lady of the Lake."

The Great Chesnut Tree at Keir.

I stand!

And look across the land:
As I have looked through many an autumn morn,
Ere those that gave you birth were born,—
Seeing the generations pass
Like leaves that flutter to the grass,
Which fade, and fall, and leave the place
Free for a fresher race!

I stand!

And look across the land
To that grim castle¹ on the basalt rock
Where Scottish Mary wept,—
And o'er the mountain range whence wild winds swept
To turbid sea and loch;
Where now the storm-beat vessels, struggling home,
Surge slowly through the foam,
Clewing up tattered remnants of wet sails
And shuddering from past gales!

Yea, and I smile once more
Triumphant,—as subsides the sobbing roar
By sea and shore,—
To watch the mighty sun's recurring light
Drive back those cursèd demons of the night,
Send his arched iris through the lessening rain,
With radiant promise over earth and main,—
Touch with his golden sceptre cottage eaves,
And pour warm glory on my glistening leaves!

And I rest, master, I rest
Like a strong soul after bitter strife
With one of the hard wild storms of life,
When the aching breast
Gives gasping sobs 'twixt Life and Death
Ere it breathes again with common breath.
Summer and autumn glow
And winter's mantling snow
And tender spring's new birth—all these I know;
And know lost life renewed
By Nature's plenitude
Which changeth all, but nothing e'er deforms:
Therefore all calm I stand,
Firm rooted in the land,
Unconquered by the passing power of storms!

So, master, shall it ever be with Keir!
The name is dear:
The ancient house, even like the ancient tree,
Through many a clouded hour shall victor be,—
And it shall rear
A race whose branches shall the land o'erspread
When I am dead.

¹ Stirling Castle.

Fresh hopes shall gently melt the frosty rime
Of the heart's winter time,
Fate's murky clouds disperse like mist away
Drawn upward by the warmth of brightening day,—
Till, sweet as songs of birds at dawn
Young children's voices from the lawn
Float in at silent windows,—making
Joy seem a usual part of earth's awaking!

Nor when thy life is done
Shall these peruse alone
Thy record on a monumental stone;
But,—mongst the men of mark who long since gave
Their names to live in light beyond the grave,—
Read in the Golden Book of lasting Fame
The friend and father's name!

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

IF virtuous indignation were as useful as it is pleasant, the world would very shortly be set to rights. Unfortunately, the pleasure of being virtuously indignant is so thoroughly satisfactory in itself, that one does not care to extract any other good out of it. If all the wrongs that are under the sun were suddenly to cease, there is some reason to believe that a great many of us would instantly find ourselves without the only outlet we have got for our fine moral feelings and overflowing social sympathies. To wax violently hot and angry over some piece of flagrant injustice or wicked indifference, four or five times in the year, is a relief to the moral system, which it would be impossible to replace by anything else equally effective. Energetic action, to soften the consequences and prevent the repetition of such injustice and indifference is not half so gratifying. The stream of one's indignation sweeps on with a splendid impetuosity that is most exhilarating. But when you think of setting quietly to work to remove or lighten the evil, it is quite astonishing

how many unpleasant things arise to torment you like obstinate ghosts of a malignant and ill-conditioned temper. If the obstacles were honest flesh and blood, it would be very easy to have it out with them, but this is just what they are not. The monstrous evils which infest society appear shadowy spectres, who do not care for cockcrow or daylight. The sword of the reformer hacks away at them and cuts them into a thousand pieces, only that he may see them the next moment stalking on, whole and unharmed. A man must have a great deal more than average perseverance and public spirit who consents to go on at disheartening work of this kind. Simple anger and bad language are ever so much easier, and unspeakably more agreeable. This is not more true of the individual than it is of society. Virtuous indignation, like cholera, is now endemic in England. At any given moment society is in a towering passion at something or other. Sometimes it is railways, sometimes it is the police; or, if there has been no accident and no undiscovered murder,

we can always fall back on an Admiralty Revelation or a Horse-Guards' Disclosure. We change the object of our fury in a stereotyped kind of flare-up. A social Fitzroy will some day arise to reduce social storms to a science, with laws and the possibility of prediction. They occur in almost ascertainable cycles. Every Christmas, for instance, there is an outcry against the guardians of the poor. This is as certain as the recurrence of cold weather. This year this particular storm has been unusually prolonged. The disclosures commenced about the New Year with the episode of the Lambeth casual, and, by the time that had grown a little dim in the public eye, there came other disclosures about the truly horrible treatment of the sick paupers. These have kept us in a fever of social rage for upwards of six months. There have been no bounds to the abuse and invective heaped by every citizen of public spirit upon the selfish, apathetic, niggardly, grasping, insolent, imbecile, inhuman, Guardians of the Poor. Language has failed to keep pace with the fiery advance of the public emotions. The most abusive phrases in the tongue have been found miserably wanting, when weighed in the balance against the mightiness and ferocity of our national anger. Of course it would be insufferably presumptuous in anybody to suppose that so unanimous an outburst of indignation as this might, perhaps, prove to be a little misplaced. "The outraged humanity of the majestic beast," in the elegant phrase of some journalist talking of the British Lion, needed vindication. Its feelings were so deeply aroused, that to shake the mane and glare with the eyes, and uplift the voice against somebody or other, became an inevitable necessity of the situation. The Guardians were the nearest and most obvious offenders; so they were incontinently seized and bethwacked and belaboured until they are as a reproach and a mock in the land. Not, be it well observed, that there is any intention to remove the belaboured wretches from their posts. Like the Chinese, we

thrash our joss with unremitting fury, but we adore and cherish him just the same. We go on calling local self-government by the most dreadful names in the world, but we should look with unutterable contempt upon any benighted Frenchman or crotchety compatriot who suggested the introduction among us of any other polity.

Not unaware of the hard fate which may befall the adventurous mortal who stands between the "majestic beast" and what happens to be his prey for the moment, I still think, and would fain say, that the case is not quite clear in the majestic beast's favour. There is no sort of excuse for treating the pauper as it is plain he has been treated. I cannot imagine anything much more wicked and downright intolerable, than to pretend, as has been pretended, that unless you treat the pauper much worse than you would like to treat a cur, or a used-up horse, you are acting unjustly to the industrious poor, and breeding hordes of professional mendicants. If, like the criminal Riembauer, you choose to kill people because their living may bring a scandal on religion, or, like the Swedish pastor, because their lives are so sad and miserable, there is a base on which to argue. If the champions of workhouse cruelty choose to administer a fatal poison to paupers on the ground that they are a social nuisance, a very bad-hearted sophist might, perhaps, find something to say for them. But it is beyond the powers of sophistry to demonstrate our right to put the helpless through a prolonged torture, unless indeed we are on the eve of a happy era when school-boys are to be encouraged in pulling flies to pieces, and digging the eyes out of toads. Certainly, one can conceive a state of society in which every pauper would deserve a whipping, repeated weekly until he had ceased to be a pauper. But a man must be a very marvellous optimist, and a very blind and silly person as well, who should say that modern Britain is an example of such a state. Our social organization is a long way from being so perfect, our

ideas a long way from being so elevated and enlightened, as to make helpless poverty anything like a crime, or the relief of it anything like an encouragement of idleness. There is no excuse for pampering paupers, but there is fully as little for afflicting them with one jot of bodily pain or privation that is not necessary. If our present system of raising the means of subsistence and aid for paupers is so clumsy and bad as to make it impossible to treat them better than strayed brutes, without at the same time doing a wrong to the industrious poor, then let the system be altered—as everybody who is not cursed with an official mind very well knows it ought to be. Some people hold the comfortable and blessed doctrine that God always means that there should be poor. They may also very consistently believe that God means that the poor should always be used as ill as possible, especially that they should not be killed off straight but only slowly in infirmaries.

Having purged myself of any private complicity or sympathy with the outrageous barbarities which have come to light within the last six months, I may with greater safety venture to suggest one or two points which should induce the majestic beast to soften its anger against the guardians, though they should also stimulate it to redoubled exertions to repair the terrible wrong-doing of which the guardians have been the instruments. In the first place, these barbarities are not the growth of yesterday. This wrong-doing, or, at least, some of the very worst of it, has been going on for ever so many years. If the guardians have been doing wrong so long, what have the rest of us been doing? Standing by with closed eyes, and deaf ears, and folded arms. If a master neglects to overhaul the accounts of his estate for twenty years, or to take any interest in anything about farms or tenants or timber, provided his income is steady and punctually paid, he would not have much right to fall foul of his steward, if he awoke one morning and found everything going to wrack and ruin. He would find few sympathisers

with him, in his anger at a state of things which resulted as much from his own neglect and supine indifference as from the delinquencies of his servant. This is one reason for thinking that the guardians are not the only persons to blame.

In the next place, it may be asked whether all of us, who have been raging so furiously against the apathetic, nig-gardly, inhuman, &c. guardian, have fully realized what manner of man a London Guardian of the Poor actually is. We know what sort of people his ordinary accusers are, the most conspicuous of the many limbs and elements of the majestic beast. One type of the accusers, for instance, is the successful merchant who has placed a thick and solid wall between himself and all sordid, heart-crushing money cares. He knows that, if he should die to-morrow, all his children will be left with the means of a good start in the world. He has plenty of money, and a grand business, and a luxurious house, and troops of friends, and everything else that makes a man feel *good*. Or, perhaps, the railer is a journalist or a barrister, fairly well-to-do, and highly-educated in abstract notions of social duty and the demands of civilization. A third sort of assailant is the kindly, well-nurtured woman, in whom a religious and benevolent temper, decorous surroundings, and pecuniary ease, have combined to breed a rich stock of warm and generous sympathies for everybody and everything in distress. I do not wish to echo any of the sentimental nonsense which finds so much favour in the eyes of foreign socialists, and which makes the possession of wealth and the pursuit of the highest mental culture sins against all who are less fortunate. The man with money and ease, and the man with a store of high ideas and elevated social principles, both of them probably deserve the good luck which has befallen them. But let us pass from these people with easy lives and well-trained characters, to the monster the bare thought of whom makes them so angry and uncomfortable. The London Guardian

comes, for the most part, in those districts of which the accounts are most harrowing, from a class of people who have very little money and make very small incomes. He has scarcely a half-inch plank between himself and a rainy day. In most cases, it is as much as he can do to make both ends meet, and feed all the mouths that are dependent on him. His life is full of mean cares and anxieties, unadorned by a single gracious sentiment. If a lucky week's work gives him a snatch of sunlight for the present, it is soon clouded over by the chronic solicitude of a needy father for the future. Before calling a man of this stamp niggardly and grasping, let us remember that with him niggardliness may determine the question whether or not he is to keep out of his own workhouse. Before calling him apathetic, let us think how little room in his nature the prolonged and grinding cares of his own existence leave for general sympathy. And, even if circumstances were suddenly to lift him out of this pinching groove into comfort and affluence, in what school has he had a chance of learning the lesson that public spirit is a virtue, and that a man owes duties to humanity and civilization? These admirable ideas do not spring up spontaneously as if they were universal instincts, but are the fruit of much tending and culture. But surely, it may be said, common humanity, the most surface compassion for sentient beings in suffering, ought to be found in everybody not born of wolves and tigers. I should be more ready to think so, if I did not know that Church Lane was a hundred yards from Mr. Mudie's Library, and Charles Street, Drury Lane, a hundred yards from the Royal Italian Opera in Covent Garden. Of course, the young lady, wrapped in soft clothes and fragrant odours, is very sorry for the half-clad, famished wretches whom she passes in her carriage, on her way from the Opera or the circulating library. So, no doubt, as the guardian goes back to his counter with its not over-full till, he too would be very glad if there were no paupers, and if all the

world were well off and self-supporting. Neither the young lady nor the small shopkeeper is cruel or inhuman, but they have not been educated in social ideas. Do we find, even among the most highly cultivated classes, a humanity so enlarged and so sensitive, as to have a right to demand even an approach to the same lofty level in men who have had no cultivation, and whom circumstances, with their hand of iron, have thrown into dull, mean, harassing, unimaginative lives? Do those who can read Aristotle and Plato, and Mill and Bentham, so quickly and habitually rise to a practical conception of their duties as men and citizens, that we may expect something like the same conception in the minds of men who have not leisure nor heart left for reading anything more than the news of the day? Is it for us, who habitually play the priest and the Levite, to inveigh against men with a thousandfold fewer advantages, because they will not rise to the height of the good Samaritan? Surely it will be time enough to revile the guardians for their base notions of public duty when all fine ladies object to smuggle lace, and all respectable people cease to think it allowable to cheat a railway company, and all great city firms have given up the practice of making false returns to the income-tax. I dare say nobody has been louder in denouncing the miserable lack of public spirit in the parochial guardians than the members of the commercial house of whom Mr. Gladstone once told us,—who, when they were to receive a certain compensation from the State, based upon their annual profits, returned those profits as just double the amount of their return to the income-tax. Public virtue is a motive that grows very slowly in the minds of people with all possible opportunities. Why should we expect to find it spontaneous in people who have no opportunities at all? Not one word can be said by any honest, open-minded man to maintain that the obstinacy of the Guardians is not obstinacy, or that their barbarities are not barbarities. And the well-to-do merchant,

or high-minded journalist, or pious, benevolent woman, would not be guilty of the same sins against humanity, if circumstances made them guardians. Only let us, in fairness, realize that the men on whom we are so severe are, as a rule, not well-to-do, and, as a rule, have never been to any school or seed-ground of high-mindedness. This account would be exaggerated if applied to all the Guardians, but it is strictly true of those against whom the general wrath is most pungently directed. Let us make allowance, too, for the inevitably hardening effect of habitual contact with the malice, deceitfulness, perversity, that are too often the vices bred of long destitution.

There is nothing in the world so easy as to find fault with people for being prosperous and happy. To paint a famished outcast gazing from the outside darkness through the windows into the brilliant dining-room of a Pall Mall club is a splendidly effective trick, when done by a great master. To revile the rich for enjoying life while it is such a weary, bitter burden for the crowds at their gates, is a cheap way of getting a great reputation. Many noble souls—Victor Hugo, for instance—fret and chafe themselves at the ghastly spectacles of woe and horror which make the streets of great cities an unendurable hell to sensitive men. They cannot restrain their passionate impetuosity, and they cry out against the times with the splendid eloquence and fiery enthusiasm of inspired prophets. The descent from their burning ideal of what society might be if every living being were pure and generous and benevolent, down into the black reality that base selfishness and pettiness have made of it,—this frightful contrast makes them unjust, and they deal their blows wildly, and at random. It is a fault of the English character, not to appreciate anything in which there is not enwrapped some practical suggestion, and they think lightly of the poetic assailant of the fearful miseries of society, because he does not conclude with the draft of an Act of Parliament for bringing misery to an end. They call a book

like "The Outcasts" of M. Victor Hugo, and some of the writings of Mr. Carlyle, mere vague rhapsodies, forgetting that, after all, the first practical step is to arouse us to a clear and thrilling sense of the horrors which haunt us, untouched in their roots, and increasing. Again, the injustice of much of this hatred and contempt for the crimes and apathy of society is so palpable as to arouse a very fatal reaction. It is impossible to deny that most well-to-do people in this country honestly wish to do their duty by the poor. They are not the cold-blooded, selfish, and cruel beings who figure in books as the component parts of the monster, Society. The majority of us are charitable and kind-hearted, grieved at the misery that lies at our doors, and sincerely willing to make a personal sacrifice to relieve and reduce it. There are monsters in the world, unquestionably, but they are a very inconsiderable minority. The author of "Can You Forgive Her?" rejoiced most of his readers when he made poor Burgo Fitzgerald, the worthless fine gentleman, who was quite ready to run away with his neighbour's wife, spend his last shilling on bread and cheese and gin for a wretched girl in the streets. One felt it was true to nature. A self-sacrificing compassion for distress constantly survives even amid the wreck of character. And it is not choked by other virtues. A man may not be above running away with his neighbour's wife, and yet be willing to halve the last sixpence he has in the world with a shivering cripple in the street. The amount of good-will and benevolence existing among us, only in lack of channels and outlets, may be measured by the subscriptions which pour in for every case of distress which is certified to be worthy of assistance. There is no limit to the capital which is thus awaiting safe openings for noble and beneficent investment. But everybody is so much in the dark. It is notoriously far more painful to most men and women to refuse an alms than it would be to give it. But the politico-economists have made us afraid. And they have done well. The hideous

phagedenic ulcer of pauperism is aggravated, not appeased, by little bits of sticking-plaster in the shape of stray threepenny pieces. Its angry and destructive poison is in the blood, and will only be driven out by constitutional as well as local treatment.

If good-will, therefore, counted for anything in the mitigation of so gigantic a disorder as pauperism, the workhouses would soon be emptied of three-fourths of their inmates, and those who were left would be treated with a wise humanity. But good-will alone counts for very little. The good-will requires to be concentrated and organized; and before this can be done there must be both a stronger and more widely-felt conviction than there now is, that a man's duty to his neighbour is not exhaustively performed by the punctual payment of the poor-rates, and by a certain subscription to a hospital or a charitable association. The remedies must be on a large and imperial scale; and remedies of this dimension can only be got by a gigantic exertion of public opinion. A huge, incalculable force is needed to lift the great machine of the State out of a rut. Vast and sustained charges of the electric current of conviction are necessary before the inert mass of accumulated practices and traditions can be made to yield a single iota. The best investment of his charitable feeling that a man can make is to do something to increase the force of this current. He cannot do anything more useful than simply to *take the trouble to have opinions about things*. If he will only form a clear and honest view as to the true remedies for the evils of pauperism, for example, and get into a habit of expressing it and supporting it in season and out of season, he will be doing a far better thing, in the long run, for the public cause, than if he feasted a hundred beggars a month on tea and buns, or subscribed a thousand a year to almsgiving societies. There is no reason why he should not keep up both his subscription and his conviction at the same time; and works in this, as in other matters, will be the most cogent

and persuasive test of his faith. He ought both to make a sacrifice and to have a vigorous opinion. But his subscription only does a temporary good, while his opinion, if right, will lead to right *methods*, that may be permanently beneficial, and even if it be wrong, provided it be only announced with vigour and repetition, it may have the invaluable effect of rousing opposition, and so dissipating the thick clouds of sluggishness that always overhang great public difficulties. The first of all social responsibilities is, to have an intelligent set of convictions upon the problems that vex and harass society, and continually keep a wide margin of miserable anarchy about her skirts. This is the point at which the well-to-do classes break down. It is not that they are cold-hearted so much as that they are slow-headed. Their inaction is the result, not of moral apathy, but of lack of intellectual energy. Active as we are, and keen-sighted in adjusting means to ends, in commerce and mechanical inventions, we are amazingly slow and shiftless in carrying on a similar process with reference to the impalpable concerns of society. This may be, and in part it no doubt is, one effect of a moral, apart from an intellectual slothfulness. As I began by saying, we have a baneful knack of being, not contented, but discontented, with things as they are. After all, a discontent which does not lead to action, is, for practical purposes, no better than the basest kind of oriental submission to any number of the most easily removable nuisances and impediments. Our grumbling and our hot anger do not stir up an irrepressible alertness in the region of the intellect, or make us all push out restlessly to and fro, in every direction, in search of new ideas and new principles which may bring us relief. There are always plenty of men of whom this is not a true account, and there are always plenty of new ideas afloat. But the leaders get no considerable following; the ideas do not shed seed, take root, and bring forth fruit after their kind. It has been said, that "there is no valuable scheme in the

"world, and never will be one, against "which you cannot have at least one "really good argument." And this one good argument suffices to block up the way to improvement for years and years, after the happy discoverer of the stumbling-block first makes it generally known.

It is the shirking of this plain social duty, of having clear-sighted convictions of some sort on social subjects, which keeps all the most terrible questions of to-day—pauperism, prostitution, profound and wide-spread indigence—open, and unsettled, and, worst of all, in no fair way for being settled. This may be only too easily illustrated. Among the host of remedies which are before the world, economic, political, religious or semi-religious, there is one and one only on which everybody is agreed as an element in the renovation of things. There is nobody, who thinks that the world might be made better than it is, who does not also think that Education is at least one essential element in the new scheme. Politicians, economists, moralists, divines—all the world vow that Education, at all events, is one of the things needful. There was a time when people were not ashamed to argue against schemes for Popular Education, that "to extend instruction would be to multiply the crime of forgery." But I suppose the stupidest person in the country would now allow that learning to write does not necessarily involve learning to be willing to steal, and that, on the whole, in spite of the perils which may thus attend the process, the education of its citizens is the prime safeguard, as it is the first duty, of the State. Yet the wretched, pinched, botched system of national education that, after years of toil and perseverance, has at length got a place among us, is a sufficient proof of the small momentum of even a universal opinion, when it is not held with warmth and enthusiasm. We think that education is a useful thing, but only as we might think it in a dream. We do not grasp, as a truth that affects ourselves, the fact that education means less crime, less vice, less helplessness, less pauper-

ism, less brutishness, and more of everything that makes society tranquil, prosperous, and wise. If this were grasped as we grasp other truths in our waking moments, the tide of public opinion would speedily rise high enough to demolish, with an irresistible sweep, the crowd of puny but still effective obstacles which sectarian prejudices, and vicious religious prejudices, and official prejudices so blindly and perversely interpose. It is the duty of every citizen of public spirit to help to add something to the momentum. Instead of well-meaning but intemperate abuse of Guardians, who are men of narrow lights and many pinching cares, let the majestic beast make its wrath felt by bishops and deans, and Roman Catholic priests, and dissenting ministers, and politicians with small minds in great places, and all other orders of men who, with the best intentions in the world, vigilantly take care that the English poor shall have as few chances as possible of emerging from their barbarous and degrading ignorance. Men with accurate memories and a good judgment, and interested in the subject, do not hesitate to say that the prospects of a great movement in National Education were brighter thirty and twenty years ago than they are at the present moment. When we contrast this wretched history with the vigour and activity with which the colony of Victoria for instance has set to work, has resolutely prevented denominational differences from blocking the way against a great system of national education, and has denied to parents the preposterous right of pleasing themselves whether their children shall grow up in darkness or enlightenment, there is something unspeakably humbling and exasperating in our own sluggishness.

The economic question, and the political question, will probably both have to be settled before our lower orders rise to a level worthy of the humanity and civilization of which we are so constantly boasting. But not even the preliminaries of either of these are as yet universally agreed upon. Speculation upon the

science of government and upon political economy is far too vague and unsettled for us to wish to see any decisive action taken in either direction. But the education question is not in this state. Nobody can stir a step in social inquiry, without finding himself face to face with the curses which popular ignorance entails upon the society whose lethargy permits it. Nobody denies that our present system is at once clumsy and unintelligible, and that it literally does not go within leagues of the evils which all national expenditure on education is intended to reach. We are uncontrollably furious against the Guardians who grudgingly mete out their spoonfuls of sorry "skilley," and leave a sick pauper to rot and fall to pieces in his bed. But we are quite comfortable about the scantiness of the educational "skilley" which serves for the people who become paupers, and who, if they had had a chance of learning any better, might never have become paupers at all. We are not at all distressed or furious at the monstrous difficulty with which an Act for enforcing a certain attendance at school upon boys and girls in factories gets passed, or at the promptitude with which a Home Secretary answers that he has no intention this session, nor any other, of bringing in a similar measure for children in other kinds of employment. They were not guardians, nor the class from whom guardians are taken, who figured as heroes in the frightful narrative of the condition of the labourers in the potteries, which was published in Mr. Baker's report last year—a narrative more frightful than anything in the annals of workhouse mismanagement, because it depicted degradation and barbarism as the state in which one generation after another of men and women did not merely die, but lived and moved from their first conscious moment to their last. The horrors of a pauper infirmary are bad enough, but it is a good deal more appalling to contemplate horrors still worse as comprising a normal rule of life for the inhabitants of a large and crowded district, from year's end to year's end, and from fathers

to children without a glimpse of light and civilization. Again, what value need guardians attach to public opinion, when they find it too weak and too legarthic to enforce the application of the Factory Acts Extension Act to some of the trades of Sheffield, described in the fourth report of the Children's Employment Commissioners? The Commissioners distinctly recommended that special provision should be made for keeping very young children out of the more injurious trades; and they also recommended the application of the half-time clauses of the Factory Act to all children employed under thirteen. I have not the least doubt that there is one thoroughly good and valid reason why these recommendations should be rejected. There always is in every case of the sort. But the good and valid reason becomes a weak and pitiable fallacy when we come to the facts—that infants of six years old are habitually kept hard at work for twelve hours a day; that a lad of nine can upon occasion be made to work for three nights running as well as the days, "with a dinner hour by night as well as in daylight;" that a lad under thirteen was made to work at an iron-foundry from six in the morning until midnight, for a fortnight on end; that a boy of twelve who had been kept to work since he was five, didn't know anything about England, and said he didn't live in it, but after examination and much deliberation, thought it must be a country; that a youth of seventeen was sure that Jesus Christ "was not killed, but died like other people—" "He was on a cross, but that is not how He was killed"—and that "He was not the same as other people in some ways, because He was religious in some ways, and others isn't."

Everybody who reads one of these miserable reports, is as much afflicted by them as the humanest philanthropist could desire. People cannot endure to think on such degradation of human character, such profuse waste of human life. So they solace themselves by the reflection that things will come right in

time, and that, as we have improved on the practices and ideas of our ancestors, so our children will improve on our own practices and ideas. They forget that improvements do not come by staring hard at the nuisance to be improved, and hoping earnestly that our children will not be pestered by it. It is only by each one of us tugging and sweating, thinking and balancing, and speaking, that an abuse gets removed or mitigated. The days of St. George and St. Patrick are gone. If we wish to get rid of our dragons and snakes, we must do the work ourselves, with the toil of our hands and the sweat of our brow. And it is a safe rule to fly at the abuse rather than the person whom we are disposed to connect with it. You can get everybody to agree with you about an abuse, while charitable and judicious folk, living, as most of us do, in glass houses, are chary of casting stones at other people. We are very curiously and somewhat vexatiously situated in Britain at the present moment; but the situation is entirely due to our own inconsistency. Things constantly go wrong in the administration of public affairs. Hearing of the miscarriage, we instinctively turn over like the sluggard on to the other side, and trust to the great god, Public Opinion, to free us from our adversary. We do not cut ourselves with knives and lancets, but we cry aloud, in case the god should peradventure be on a journey, or peradventure be sleeping. Public opinion is to do the work; but we forget to contribute our own rational energy to the formation and enforcement of public opinion. We will not have anything but a system of self-government, and then we forget all about the necessity of governing ourselves.

Faith in the future is a very noble sentiment, but only when it is an inspiring, and not when it is an enervating, emasculating sentiment. Faith in the future may either mean an exhilarating confidence that the energetic and vigorous efforts that we are making will prove not to have been a fruitless beating of the winds, or it may mean the

consoling hope with which indolence soothes itself into a bad imitation of self-respect, that something will one day turn up somehow, and that meanwhile things are moving. The true faith in the future is, that things will move if they are made to move, and not unless. Thornaby Waste does not become a smiling cornfield by being looked at ever so angrily. It wants stubbing. And the wastes of mal-administration want stubbing. Everybody understands this perfectly; only there seems to be no *initiative* in the quarters where there is the only chance of an initiative being successful. There is more than enough of initiative in vague abuse, but much less than enough in plans for removing the grounds of abuse. A recent French traveller in the United States tells us that in some town somebody found out that the means of education were deficient, and too limited for the demands of the population. People did not begin to rage and revile, but rushed in with their subscriptions for new schools, as they would have rushed in with buckets of water, if they had heard their houses were on fire. Nobody can charge Britain with want of munificence for worthy objects, but, except in cases of physical suffering, and not always then, as the story of the Pauper Infirmary shows, we miss this instantaneousness, this promptitude, this intrepidity, in seeing the thing to be done and in doing it. To return for an illustration to the dismal field of London parochial administration. Nothing could possibly be worse. Two of the most direct sources of the mischief are obvious. First, the rich part of London is not charged with the burden of the poor part; that is, we throw the exclusive load precisely on the people who are most severely loaded, to begin with. Second, the administration is placed in the hands of men who are unfit for it, and cannot help being unfit for it, do what they will. And, above all things, it should be remembered that the London Guardians, in these misery-stricken districts, have no resident magistrates, no guardians *ex officio*, no educated men to guide or in-

fluence them as members of their own bodies. The remedy is plain. But where is that intrepid man, with brass and triple oak around his breast, who shall venture to bring the public mind to insist on the measures to be adopted, measures quite as plain as the evils to be cured?

It is inevitable that, in so gigantic a concern as the administration of a great country, there should be untidy corners, slovenly, ill-kept bits of Nobody's Land. But the truth is, that we are getting a great deal too many of these corners. Nobody's Land bids fair to engross the whole territory of ad-

ministration. A little less headlong anger, and a great deal more sober and business-like thought in national matters, on the part of the public at large, are the conditions of this land being thoroughly stubbed and restored to cultivation and fertility. And we must get rid of bugbears. If centralisation is a bad thing, let us by all means steer clear of it. But why is it a bad thing? Are its drawbacks more and greater than those of our present system? These are questions to be thought over and answered reasonably, not settled by crying out "Centralisation" in angry or scornful tones.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

For the last two months I have been wandering about Europe in search of a war. From a variety of causes, which I need not enter into here, I have always—north as well as south of the Alps—been just too late for the battle. In fact, if I am to speak the plain honest truth, though I have been in the midst of great armies since the very outbreak of the war, I have never seen a corpse lying unburied on the ground till the other night, when I myself was all but being one of the victims of the great railway accident at Wildenschwert. This being the case, I could only give you second-hand reports of battles I have not witnessed. It is true that, if I had been present at the series of great victories by which Prussia has overthrown the military power of Austria, I should probably have known very little more about them than I do now. People talk vaguely about seeing a battle; but it is only those who have seen battles who are aware how very little is to be seen after all. Years ago there was an exhibition of a model of the field of Waterloo shown in London.

In order to give additional attraction to the show, the exhibitor was an old Waterloo soldier. He had his story by rote, and could explain most lucidly the operations by which the great Napoleon was defeated; but, when he was asked what his own personal observation of the battle amounted to, he used to confess candidly that he had stood all day in the centre of a square, and had seen nothing but a great deal of smoke. Now, if all eye-witnesses of battles were equally truthful with this poor sergeant—who, I need not add, never made a fortune as an exhibitor—I believe the written records of battle-fields would be far more barren of detail than they are at present. The instances are very rare when, from the configuration of the ground, spectators can see much of a fight; and actors have neither the time nor the opportunity to mark much of what is passing around them. Sondernburg was one of these rare exceptions; the battle-fields of Bohemia and Silesia, as far as I can learn, were not. At any rate, whether there was much to be learnt by actual

observation or not, I did not learn it. Still I flatter myself, rightly or wrongly, that what I lost was not altogether uncompensated by a corresponding gain. Short of the power which the Irishman attributed to the birds, nobody could have seen anything like the whole of the campaign; and I observe that those amongst my acquaintances who really were spectators of some portion of it have lost all sense of the proportionate importance of what they did, and did not, witness. I fancy, therefore, that I am perhaps better qualified to give a general view of this seven days' war than I might have been if I had actually been in any degree a partaker in its vicissitudes.

I have had very considerable opportunities of judging of the Prussians and their army that engaged in actual war, if not in actual fighting; I have heard much from all sort of quarters about the character of the campaign; and from my own observation, and the information I have collected, I have formed a decided opinion of my own as to the causes of the Prussian success. It is that opinion, and the grounds on which it is based, which I want to explain in this article. At the time I left England not only was public sympathy very strongly in favour of the Austrians, but the almost universal conviction was, that if France did not interfere to help her, Prussia would inevitably be defeated. The reason why we bestowed our sympathies on what proved to be the weaker side are obvious enough. We thought the Prussians were the aggressors in the war, as they undoubtedly were; we considered they had behaved most unjustifiably towards Denmark—a matter about which there was a good deal to be said on both sides; and we believed, with truth, that they had treated us most cavalierly in the abortive London conferences, though we forgot that it was entirely the fault of our own Government if we placed ourselves in a position where Prussia could slight us with impunity. And, what perhaps weighed with us more than deeper considerations, we did not

like the Prussians personally. Every English traveller knew that the Austrians were much better behaved, much more courteous to strangers, much pleasanter to meet with, much greater gentlemen in manners and dress and language, than their northern neighbours; and this experience of the tourist world had produced a deep impression on the public mind. In truth, so long as our national views of foreign questions are to be based on sentimental considerations instead of cold study of facts, we had rather better reasons than usual in such cases to show for our preference for Austria. No great national or political issue appeared to common English apprehensions to be involved in the struggle; and, in spite of the event, we have no particular cause, I think, to feel ashamed if most of us at first wished success to the defeated party.

It is, however, more hard to understand what led us to believe that the "*causa victa*" would prove the "*causa victrix*." It was popularly supposed that Austria was united to resist invasion, while the Prussian people were bitterly averse to the war; and that the lesser German States would rally like one man round Austria. Assuming the theory to have been grounded on fact, the conclusion drawn would have been most logical. Unfortunately, the facts were diametrically opposed to the theory, so that our conclusion turned out to be erroneous. But a more inexplicable circumstance than this popular delusion is the extent to which it was shared in by professional military men. Every English officer almost pool-pooled the notion that the Prussians could possibly defeat the Austrians. That Benedek would be in Berlin before a month was over, was a received article of faith at all regimental messes; and the diplomatic world was equally convinced that Prussia would have to cede the Rhine provinces to France, as the price of the intervention which was to rescue her from utter destruction at the hands of Austria.

I only allude to the state of public opinion which preceded the Austro-
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Prussian war, in order to point out the danger of jumping to a premature conclusion about the causes of the non-fulfilment of our expectation. Women, so their detractors say, have a way, when their assertions are disproved by unmistakable evidence, of arguing that they would have been right after all, if they had not omitted something from their calculations they could not reasonably be expected to remember; and this feminine style of argument seems to be in fashion with us on the present occasion. We have all agreed, by a sort of tacit consent, that, whatever people may choose to think, we were really correct in our assumptions, and that Austria would certainly have won, if it had not been for the needle-gun, about which we knew nothing, and could know nothing. Now, that our military men did know nothing or little about breech-loaders, I believe to be the truth. Though our military administration is the most costly in the world, we never seem to have any officers competent to profit by experience at any place where experience is likely to be learnt. Our military *attachés* are generally well-connected officers—out of employment or out at elbows; to whom the post is given as a convenient sinecure; while in time of war, we either, as in Schleswig, send out no professional commissioners at all, or else, as in the case of this last conflict, we send them out just too late to be of any practical use. Still, though we individually were unacquainted with the “Zündnadel-Gewehr;” yet other nations—and Austria above all—had studied the weapon carefully beforehand; and, though different opinions were formed as to its imperative excellence, no competent military judge even imagined for one moment that the possession or non-possession of the needle-gun was of sufficient importance to decide the fate of a campaign. Of course the whole world may have been mistaken; but, to say the least, the antecedent probability is immensely strong in favour of the supposition that the campaign was decided by many other causes besides the especial efficacy of

that peculiar weapon. Some few of these causes may be ascertained easily enough by any one who is content to look at facts as they are.

In the first place, Prussia is an united country, whilst Austria is a mere conglomeration of different nations connected by a dynastic union. Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, Venetia, Gallicia, Silesia, and Austria proper, have little other tie between them than that which for a hundred years bound France to England. They do not like each other, and most of them have no particular affection for their common sovereign. But in Prussia the case is different. If we omit a part of Posen, there is not a more homogeneous country in all Europe than Prussia. She has no Venetia, no Algeria, no Ireland. Her people speak the same language, are trained with the same uniform system, have to a great extent the same common faith. Any person who has followed at all attentively the long wearisome conflict between the Prussian Parliament and the Court, must have been struck by two circumstances. First that, even when the struggle was at its bitterest, and when Herr von Bismarck pressed most cavalierly on the popular party, nobody ever proposed or mooted the idea of a change of dynasty; and secondly, that there never was the slightest talk of any disruption of the monarchy. It is little more than a century ago since Frederick the Great took Silesia by force from Austria, and yet this province is now as loyal and as intensely Prussian as Brandenburg itself. And, when the whole force of the kingdom was engaged in a gigantic struggle, the Rhine provinces were left utterly denuded of troops, without the least apprehension of any local outbreak being even possible.

Then, too, the Prussians have the great advantage of being contented with their own government on the whole; an assertion which cannot be made about the Austrians. The Prussians wished, and rightly wished, for fuller political liberties than they now enjoy; but, whenever they obtain what they want, they will not have to use their power to

rectify gross abuses in the administration. In most things which affect the daily life of ordinary men, Prussia is, and has been for years, excellently well governed. In all social relations there is absolute personal liberty; justice is administered with proverbial fairness, and the bureaucracy, however vexatious in its dealings, is utterly free from the taint of corruption; the system of national education is the best in Europe; the people are very lightly taxed; there is next to no national debt; and the whole government of the country, from the Court downwards, is conducted with a more than republican economy. Now, not one of these statements could be applied to Austria. With an enormous debt, an ignorant and priest-ridden population, an enormous taxation, a body of officials notoriously corrupt, and an extravagant administration, she entered the lists against Prussia hopelessly overweighted.

When the war was first seriously anticipated, it was undoubtedly unpopular in Prussia; but the character of this unpopularity was hardly understood abroad. The war was objected to by the people, not because they did not sympathise with the object for which it was to be waged, but because they hesitated to believe that these objects could be promoted by it. The patriotism of a Prussian has inevitably a sort of dual nature which it is difficult for an Englishman to appreciate. The Prussians—I am speaking of the educated classes, who alone make their voices heard abroad—are patriots first as Germans, then as Prussians. Their first ambition is to see Germany great, united, powerful, and free; their next is to see Prussia aggrandized. For a long time it was believed, even in Berlin itself, that Herr von Bismarck simply wished to make war in order to enlarge the territories of Prussia, and that he had no intention of making Germany identical with Prussia. But, when it once became clear that, willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or ignorantly, the war with Austria meant a war for the creation of

a united Germany under the leadership of Prussia, popular feeling changed; and the cause of the Government became forthwith the cause of the nation. Moreover, the northern Germans, though they received with distaste the idea of a conflict with their southern brethren, were firmly convinced that such a conflict was, sooner or later, inevitable. Prussia was, in their judgment, the representative in the Fatherland of free thought, intellectual culture, material progress, popular government, and national independence; while Austria, by virtue or vice of her conditions of existence, was the representative of Ultramontaniam, aristocratic rule, internal weakness, and foreign intervention. Between the two antagonistic principles thus embodied there could be no permanent peace. One of the two must make place for the other; and the contest could never be decided without an appeal to arms. Even taking a lower ground, it was evident there could never be one Germany, unless either Prussia or Austria ceased to exist as a great German power; and Austria was never likely willingly to recede from her hereditary position, unless she was compelled to do so by force. How far these views were founded on fact, it is not necessary to consider now. It is enough to say, that they were generally believed among the Germans of the north, and the circumstance of their being so believed secured for the war against Austria the sympathy, not only of the Prussians, but of the people of the northern states. Nobody who has talked much with Prussians at this period, whether civilians or soldiers, but must admit that they imagine themselves to be engaged in a just and noble cause. They may be wrong, but this conviction gives them a strength not conceded to their adversaries. The only thing which could have supplied the Austrians with a similar enthusiasm would have been a feeling that they were fighting for national independence. Unfortunately, Austria is not a nation, but, what Metternich once called Italy, a "geo-

graphical expression;" and five-sixths of the empire did not consider an attack upon the position of Austria in Germany to be in any sense an attack upon their separate national independence.

Thus Count Bismarck—if popular opinion is right in crediting him with the authorship of this war—must have known beforehand that his country had certain great advantages in entering on the contest, which diminished materially the apparent temerity of his enterprise. He had a united nation at his back, a great popular enthusiasm, a full exchequer, and a reserve of more or less trained troops, co-equal in number with the able-bodied adult male population of the country. But, on the other hand, he had to encounter this great difficulty, that he could not afford a prolonged contest. It was necessary for him not only to win, but to win rapidly. In a country so rich and prosperous as Prussia has become of late years, the calling out of the Landwehr reserves creates an amount of private loss and expense and inconvenience which is almost incredible.

We can imagine pretty well what English feeling would be if some three hundred thousand of our volunteers were summoned from their homes and business, by a highly unpopular Government, to fight, hundreds of miles away from England in a cause which, at first sight at any rate, was not one of national existence. If the war was one succession of brilliant and rapid victories, the nation would bear the infliction patiently enough; but, if the war languished, no very evident progress were made towards its end, and the campaign were attended with heavy loss of life, there would be an irresistible outcry that enough had been done already for the honour of the country, and that it was folly to waste our strength on a needless struggle. A similar outcry would certainly have been raised in Prussia if the war had gone on week after week, and month after month, without inflicting any decisive blow upon Austria. Besides this, a protracted war, with varying fortunes,

would have encouraged the Governments of the petty states—all anti-Prussian at heart—to use their power upon the side of Austria, while it would have led almost with certainty to foreign intervention. Under these circumstances, it was necessary for Count Bismarck to carry all before him; and the courage with which he determined on staking everything on one throw entitles him to the same sort of repute as Sherman earned by his march through Georgia. As a common rule, it is a mistake at whist to play out all your trumps at starting; but a great player knows when it is worth while to risk the trick for the chance of the game.

Accident plays a very important share in all wars; and I suspect that many brilliant military operations, held up to the youths of Sandhurst and Woolwich as examples of far-sighted calculation, were never anticipated beforehand. But the campaign which has just ended can hardly have been much modified by accidental circumstances. The war proceeded all through with as much order and regularity as if the invasion of Austria had been a mere march from Potsdam to Berlin. There can be no doubt about the tactics of the Prussian generals; they consisted solely in the simple maxim to strike at once, to strike home, and to strike hard. From the moment that the famous note of the French Government, which had given the cause—or, if you like to call it, the pretext—for war, not an hour was lost by the Prussians. As each corps is quartered habitually in the province from which it is recruited, the army can be mobilized—or in other words, the men who have completed their normal time of service, but are still liable to be recalled to arms at any moment, can be brought back to the ranks with extreme expedition. The call to arms was responded to with extreme alacrity; and the Prussian army was ready to take the field, while a great majority of the Austrian regiments were only half filled up. According to the whole theory of war, the Prussians ought to

have gathered a large force to defend Berlin, and then advanced towards the Austrian frontiers, leaving garrisons behind them at every stage to keep open their communications with their basis of operations, and dispersing any force, and capturing any fortress, which lay in their way. It was on this theory that the Austrian plan of defence was based. Unfortunately the Prussians neglected the established maxims of strategy. They left the capital undefended, after removing the only danger which threatened them in their rear by the dispersion of the Hanoverian army, and then they marched straight on for Vienna, *via* Saxony and Bohemia. The Austrians were taken by surprise. They had meant to occupy Dresden, and give fight in Saxony on the borders of their enemy's dominions; but, as usual, they were not ready when the decisive moment arrived. In the same way the Austrians reckoned on the Prussians not attempting to pass the gorges of the Bohemian mountains without extreme caution and circumspection. The calculation was unimpeachable; but, as the Prussians simply pushed on as hard as possible, they again found the Austrians unprepared to resist their advance. Even after the fatal and disastrous defeat of Königgrätz, the Austrians still repeated their original blunder, and assumed that the enemy would never leave the fortresses of Olmütz, Josephstadt, and Königinnstadt uncaptured in his rear; and the consequence was, that the Prussians did the very thing they were expected not to do, and actually arrived within sight of Vienna before the Austrians were prepared to defend the capital of the empire. Nor can there, I think, be any reasonable doubt that, if the Emperor had not consented to buy peace on terms which amounted to a surrender at discretion, the successor of Frederick the Great could have entered Schönbrunn as a conqueror. Had this not been known to be a matter of certainty, no Hapsburg sovereign could ever have submitted to abdicate his position in Germany while an army remained in the field.

If you talk to Austrians, as I have done of late to many, about the causes of this succession of disasters, they always tell you that their defeat was due to the incompetence and inefficiency of their generals. I have no doubt their generals were very indifferent ones; as, indeed, they have been at most periods of their history. General Benedek had an immense reputation before the war, that was based on as small evidence as that of any commander I have ever heard of, not excepting General McClellan or poor Lord Raglan. The Austrians chose to make up their minds that they would never have been defeated at Magenta or Solferino if somebody else had been in command; and, as Benedek was considered a dashing officer, and was believed to have remonstrated against the tactics of Giulay, it was decided by popular acclamation, that he was the military genius who would have saved Austria, like Radetzky, if he had only had the opportunity. In spite of his blunders, the people still assert that he is a brave and gallant soldier, and such assertions are generally correct; but it is clear that, whatever else he was, he was not a great general. Of the archdukes, counts, and high-born nobles, who held command under Benedek, not a single one has given proof of military ability. The stories which are popularly repeated by the Austrians of the want of nerve and utter neglect of duty shown by some of the highest of Benedek's generals are, I hope, grossly exaggerated; still the fact that such stories should be commonly current shows the estimation in which the superior officers of the army are held by their own countrymen. But, in estimating the damage that the Austrians suffered from the want of generalship, it should be mentioned that they were not opposed by troops led by commanders of high repute and genius. The chief command was entrusted to the King, to the Crown Prince, and to the King's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles. Now the experience of all nations has shown

that royal princes are seldom, if ever, good commanders-in-chief, and I believe the present campaign has been no exception to ordinary rule. Even in the Prussian camp, where respect for all constituted authorities is carried to an exaggerated degree, complaints were rife as to the extent to which the rights of royalty interfered with the efficient conduct of military affairs. Without in the least wishing to deny the merits of the Prussian royal generals, who, one and all, were brave men and gallant soldiers, I think I may assert that the success of the campaign was in no sense due to their military abilities. Generals Steinmetz and Herwarth von Bittenfeld, had a considerable reputation amongst their troops; but I doubt if either of these had occasion to give proof of first class, or even second class, military talent. In as far as the credit of the campaign was due to any single person, it was doubtless due to General Moltke, who from Berlin dictated by telegraph the movements of the Prussian armies.

But still, even placing the utmost estimate upon the ability of the princes and the ennobled generals who commanded the Prussian armies, it would be the greatest flattery to say that their success was chiefly owing to the military superiority of their commanders. Nor, as I have said before, do I think undue weight should be placed upon the superiority of the needle-gun. In the first place, a very considerable portion of the Prussian army, as I can vouch from personal observation, was not armed with breech-loaders, but with old-fashioned muzzle-loading muskets; in the second place, in many of the engagements, in all of which the Prussians proved victorious, the musket, whether breech-loading or muzzle-loading, played a very insignificant share. Both before and since the war, Prussian officers have assured me that the artillery was really the finest arm in their service; and, from what I saw at Sonderburg, I am inclined to believe the statement is correct; but, owing to the circumstances of the war, the Prussians

were never able to employ any portion of their artillery, with the exception of the light field guns. I have no doubt that the prestige of the Zundnadelgewehr, the rapidity with which it was fired, and the precision with which it hit its mark, did much to discourage the Austrian regiments. But this fact alone is not sufficient to account for the issue of the campaign.

The plain, simple, unvarnished truth I take to be, that the Prussians uniformly defeated the Austrians, because, man for man, they were better and braver and stronger soldiers. They were not so well drilled, they were worse dressed, they were not so rapid in their movements, they were far less soldier-like looking; but they were much more ready to encounter danger, they were animated with a far higher and more intelligent courage. Physically, they were stronger, stouter, and more powerful men than their opponents; mentally, they were immeasurably superior to the mixed hordes of Croats and Bohemians and Hungarians arrayed against them. They knew, or fancied they knew, —which comes much to the same thing —what they were fighting about; they had a strong sense of duty; they were steady, orderly, God-fearing men. From the highest general to the lowest private, they had learned how to obey; and they had implicit confidence that their officers, whether able or not, were prepared to do their duty also. All estimates of the men I have yet seen seem to me to leave out of sight the power of what I may call the religious element of the Prussian army. You may call it superstition, or bigotry, or fanaticism, as you choose; but no person who has studied the subject cordially can deny that the Prussian soldiers had a sort of reliance in their own cause, as being that of duty and religion, which was entirely wanting amongst the Austrians. The phrase of "Holy Prussia," about which we in England have laughed so often, when it was used by the King in his addresses to his people, had a real meaning and

purport for the Prussian peasant. And so the Prussian armies in my judgment conquered for much the same reason that the Puritans conquered the Cavaliers, the Dutch conquered the Spaniards, and the Federals conquered the Confederates—because they were more in earnest, more thoughtful, more willing to risk their lives for a principle, whether false or true, more imbued with a sense of duty.

If this explanation be true, as I hold it to be, the apparent mystery of the campaign vanishes. Given the knowledge which Herr von Bismarck undoubtedly possessed—that his countrymen, on anything like equal terms, would be more than a match for the Austrians—all he had to do was to secure that the Prussians should be placed in a position to choose their own fields of battle; and this was secured by the daring strategy of pushing forwards at all risks and all costs. But I doubt whether this campaign, any more than the bold move by which Garibaldi marched on Naples from Sicily, will be cited hereafter as any great achievement of military genius. It is very easy to show that one crushing defeat would have been almost fatal to the Prussian armies. They were completely isolated in a strange and hostile country; they had but one, and that a most circuitous line of retreat, open to them; they were liable at any moment to be cut off from their supplies and resources. If Sadowa had been a defeat instead of a victory, the Prussians could hardly have hoped to regain their own territory. But the fact for which, I think, in a military point of view, they deserve the chief credit is that, having resolved upon a most hazardous plan of campaign, they sacrificed every other consideration to that of success. They took no tents with them; they provided, I may say, no resources; they relied on the country in which the war was to be carried on to give them food and shelter. According to their own notions, they paid honestly enough for what they took. The farmers whose

carts and horses they seized; the cottagers upon whom they quartered themselves; the shop-keepers whose stores they took,—were all furnished with acknowledgments of the debt, which the Austrian Government may present as part payment of the indemnity it is required to pay Prussia for the cost of the war. By this system, and by an economy so rigid as to be almost parsimonious, Prussia will now be enabled to carry on the war without loans, without extraordinary taxation, and without any important addition to her insignificant national debt.

At the same time, it must fairly be owned that the campaign, however brilliant, has not enabled the world to pronounce a decisive judgment upon the merit of Prussian troops as compared with those of other nations. The Prussians have shown that they are able to march well and fight gallantly; and more than this they have not had the opportunity to prove. It is still an open question how they would stand a serious defeat, or how they would bear the fatigues and sufferings of a protracted campaign. *Veni, vidi, vici*, might well be the motto of the Prussians in this war. Scarcely a month passed between the declaration of war and the conclusion of the armistice; and the actual fighting, which decided the campaign, only lasted seven days in all. The amount of sickness in the army after the truce commenced was something terrible. In official reports it was attributed to the prevalence of cholera; but I believe that the cholera itself was mainly due to the bad state of health to which the army had been reduced by over-fatigue and insufficient nourishment. Under no conceivable circumstances could the war have ended more opportunely for Prussia than when it did; and, though the army was naturally disappointed at not entering Vienna in triumph, the higher officers were only too thankful for a solution which relieved them from grave and increasing difficulties. If I am to give a hypothetical opinion concerning what might

have occurred if something had happened which did not happen, I should say that the same qualities which secured the victory for Prussia, in this short campaign, would have ultimately secured it to her if the war had proved a more arduous and protracted one. As it is, she has gained the object of her ambition, she has fulfilled her "manifest destiny," with so slight a sacrifice as to be of no comparison with the ends achieved.

For henceforth, whatever may be the exact terms of peace, Prussia will be Germany. It is all very well for foreign admirers of Austria to talk about the grand future which is still open to her; but, as a matter of fact, the empire of the Hapsburgs, as we have known it, has received its death-blow. It is possible, though not probable, that a ruler of genius, who was prepared to throw aside his German predilections and connexions, might create a great Slavonic monarchy out of the *débris* of the old "Reich." But the task would be one of Herculean difficulty; and the Hapsburgs are not Napoleons. The real nature of the old Austrian rule is seldom understood in England; it was not altogether unlike our own rule in India. By sheer force of superior talent, energy, and culture, a small minority of Germans reigned supreme over a large number of different races and nations, immeasurably outnumbering themselves. But this German minority prized the supremacy thus obtained far more for the importance it acquired thereby in Germany, than for its intrinsic value and profit.

Austria was at once the first of German powers, and a great non-German state ruled over by Germans. It has lost its pristine and most important character. The empire can no longer compete with Prussia in the Fatherland; her Teutonic population, who share, equally with their northern kinsmen, the pride, and prejudice, and aspirations of Germans, will now look to Prussia, not to Austria, as the representative of their nationality abroad and at home. How Austria is to retain the affections of her German subjects, and yet to become the centre of a great non-Teutonic empire, is a problem for which nobody has yet ventured even to suggest a solution.

Thus the long and weary struggle between Austria and Prussia, which dates from the day that the Electors of Brandenburg first became independent princes, has terminated finally in the triumph of the Northern Power. The seven days' war was the grand sequence of the wars of Frederick the Great. As Prussia has grown in strength Austria has declined; and the final issue has been decided by causes which have been operating for centuries, not by any mechanical device, or any discovery in musketry. That a nation is always more powerful than an army—this, I think, is the true lesson to be learnt from the war, which has changed the face of Europe, and has created a power that, happily for the world, can afford to be independent both of France in the south, and Russia in the north.

FROM THE LIP OF LOCH ETIVE.

On the lip of Loch Etive! Bencruachan is to the right, his peaks hid in mist, but his vast shoulders visible; Bonaw village lies on a point of the loch between; directly opposite, across the loch, is broad Bendhuirnish, down whose face, dividing it into two parts, runs a deep seam or cleft. Away, on the one side, seawards extends the loch for miles—past Ardhcattan with its Gaelic church-ruins and memories, through the roar and foam of Connel Ferry, on to historic Dunstaffnage, and thence to Oban and old Dunolly Castle on the western coast. For miles also in the other direction, or inland from my present point on the loch's lip, I may let my thoughts follow my eyes, and outstrip them. Choosing the northern side of Bencruachan, I may send them through that gap, near at hand, where hills loom together closely, and beyond which is the upper course of the loch, where it is more grandly bordered and more sternly overhung than here, till its head ends in wild Glenetive, and one may range farther on foot to the dreary moors of Blackmount Forest and the approaches of unmatched Glencoe. Or, choosing Bencruachan's other side, I may take the road, as I can trace it from here, through the famous pass of Awe, till I look down on the lovely Loch Awe itself—not salt water like this of Etive, but fresh, and sweetly bosomed, and with leafy islands. The river Awe, which the fresh-water loch emits, and which flows hitherwards through the famous Pass, discharges itself into Loch Etive close by me. For salmon-fishers and trout-fishers who know their craft this is a region to rejoice in—the Awe for noblest resort, but the whole neighbourhood streamy for humbler anglers. Fishing, however, is hardly, just at present, the likeliest occupation of the tourists whom

steamers and coaches have been bringing in such unusual numbers, this season, into and through these parts, as also—thanks to Bismarck's blocking-up of so much of the Continent—into all other parts of the Scottish Highlands. For is not this the 13th of August? The 12th falling on a Sunday this year, the grouse have had a day's respite; but all night the sportsmen—having duly, we must suppose, heard Gaelic sermons yesterday to prepare their minds—have been dreaming of the feel of their triggers on the hill-sides, and now the guns are out on a hundred moors, and there is havoc among the whirring birds.

So, once more, I am in the land of Ossian. No other name fits it so well. Solitude is here—the solitude of mountain and lake and heath, of alternate skies of light blue, sailed through by white clouds which cast their moving shadows on the sunny mountain-slopes, and dark-grey rains which bring mist-wreaths round the summits, and work obscurations magnificently sombre, and sometimes ghastly, where all was distinct before. Mist is here the element with which Nature performs her finest phantasies. Sunshine and clear weather are here to be enjoyed as elsewhere; but the characteristic recollection of these parts, which overpowers all others, is the recollection of the wondrous variety, and yet monotony, of the scenic effects of mists. But the mists are not mere mists, mere inanimate vapours, such as may rise or descend anywhere else in these islands. There is a breath, as of some old peculiar life that once belonged to these solitudes, in the mists that now come and go over them—a tradition of that specially Gaelic vitality, among the historic rudiments of these islands, which had once been its independent seat, and which diffused itself hence, no one can measure how widely or in-

tensely, into our composite national system. "Here, midst the waving of oaks, were the dwellings of kings of old." Here the Fingalians met and parted, each going to his misty hill. "At times are seen here the ghosts of the departed, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath." Here, in every blast that moans among the hills at night, is a voice as of other years. We call it the voice of Ossian. Let the name mean what it likes; we have none more exact and suitable. Let us then believe the bard when he tells us that it is here that he still "holds discourse with his fathers, the chiefs of the days of old." In the interest of this occupation he makes a request. "Sons of the chase," he says, "stand far distant; disturb not the dreams of Ossian." Alas! how little is the request attended to! At this moment are not the sons of the chase out grouse-shooting over every hill and moor in Ossian's country? Is not the whole region in the possession of English-speaking sportsmen and released members of Parliament? Nay—and who is to blame but the splendid Macgregor, of Rob Roy canoe celebrity, himself deriving his lineage from the very centre of these parts, and therefore, of all men, owing allegiance to Ossian?—is there not at this moment a cedar canoe of thirty-six pounds' weight, with Mr. Inwards on board, paddling through the Caledonian canal, and threatening to thread Loch Etive, and all the other lochs, by an art and a pluckiness learnt on the Thames? What is Ossian to do, with his dreams so disturbed? One thing alone he can do in revenge. His own dreamy mood broken by the intrusion, he can subdue the intruders themselves into some sympathy with the relics of it. Yes! as mist is the element of power, the true wonder-worker, in this West-Highland region, so, in harmony with these territorial conditions, there is an Ossianic mood of mind. Whoever is a month in these parts, if he is worth anything at all, will have the mist in his head, and will find himself thinking of all things Ossianically. And what better use can

there be of a vacation than thus to be led to Ossianize things and questions that have recently been troubling one?

Well, there is enough, this vacation, for most of us to Ossianize. Take only my own last three months in London, for example, before I came here. Within these three months, besides all the miscellaneous odds and ends that make the gossip of a London season, there befell, in close succession, some of those events of larger bulk which mark a year strongly in the retrospect. First there was the bank panic. Then there was the sudden burst of war on the Continent, with its vast and extraordinarily swift result. How this event in particular fluttered our journalists and club-politicians, turning much that they had been writing and saying before into convicted nonsense, and opening their eyes to the fact that the best educated people in Europe might be the safest to bet on, and to sympathize with, even in action! In short, when Prussia had shown what she could do, there was a wheel round of our weathercocks to pro-Prussianism. But, before the wheel was completed, we had important home affairs to think of. The Reform Bill had been the great subject of the Parliamentary session—a session of Parliament accurately enough described by the observation that it began under a Russell-Gladstone ministry, and exhibited the first attempt of the Whigs to govern the country after the loss of Palmerston, and on principles in advance of his; but which may, perhaps, be still more significantly characterized, some time hence, by the recollection that it was the first session of Parliament in which Mr. John Stuart Mill took part. There came at length the Reform Bill crisis, and the change of ministry. It was a decidedly strong sensation to see the Conservatives once more in power after so long a tenure of office by their opponents. But the sensation was in their assuming power, for their exercise of power is yet all to come. Only out of the strange circumstances of the juncture there rose the episode of the Hyde Park riots. It was the very

evening before I left London that the Park railings were torn down, and there was the battle with the police.

Has Ossian anything to say about the war on the Continent? Evoked and interrogated, the spectre of the aged bard can but signify by gestures, and mutterings in some primeval Gaelic, that he does not understand fully what is meant. The notion of "Continent" bothers him, for it has come in since his day. But the noun "war" rouses him like an old familiar conception, and he ejaculates what we now translate. The first sentences, however, show clearly that it is the wrong Ossian that has risen—not the Ossian of Macpherson, but the homelier and meaner Ossian of the Dean of Lismore's Book.

"Och! and has there been more fightin'? I am ferry glad to hear of it, Sir. St. Phadrick, when he came amongst us here, with his church-pells, and his holy water, and all that, used for to tell us, Sir, that there was to pe no more fightin' in the world. As you may believe, our hill-lads were ferry sad at that; and they came to me, up in Glencoe there, and they says to me, 'Ossian, is it true what St. Phadrick says?' And I went with them that ferry moment of time; and I came, with all the hill-lads about me, as it were, to where St. Phadrick was sitten', mendin' his nets at the side of Loch Etive—he was a pousy ould gentleman, and a civil, and he wore a plue cloak, with a cross darned on it in white thread, Sir, as it were—and I told him to his face that he was wrong. 'You say that there is to pe no more wars, St. Phadrick,' says I, 'and nothing but fishin' and ringin' of pells all over the world. What for you delude our poor lads? There has been wars, St. Phadrick, and there is wars, and there will pe wars. Are you Ossian, or am I St. Phadrick? Not at all; not a pit of it. You are St. Phadrick there, in your plue gown, and I am Ossian. There is two of us, and we do not agree at all. Well then, of course, there must pe wars. There always will pe wars till there is no more two persons left in

the world, but only one; and then, of course, *he* may fish, and ring pells, and wear a plue gown, as long as he pleases. Good mornin', St. Phadrick.' And so I left him, and went pack to Glencoe, and most of the lads came with me, and I took my harp and sang some of my war-songs to cheer the lads. Only a ferry few stayed with St. Phadrick, and mostly poys and one or two women that had lost their husbands four days before, poor things, in a fight with the Macnabs.

"For of all the Hieland clans
Macnab was the most ferocious,
Except the Macintyres,
Macleods and Macintoshes."

"You may suppose then, Sir, how ferry pleasant is the information which you have given me, that there is plenty of wars still. It is fourteen hundred years since I left St. Phadrick mendin' his nets on the side of Loch Etive, with the poys and the poor women about him; and, if he pe sittin' there yet, he will see how mistaken he was. For, if the Macnabs pe all dead, there's the Macintyres to the fore, and what petter are ye? But this air does not agree with me, Sir, so well as it once did, and I must pe pack to my grave among the hills. Would you believe it, Sir?—they have dug it up two or three times, and have left broken champagne-pottles in it; but they have never found my pody yet. They will find it when there is no more wars. My respects to Maccallummure and the young Marquis of Lorne. I hear there is fine doings at Inveraray."

Not much, pertinent to the subject of the European war, it appears, is to be got out of this old fellow, with these everlasting local Macnabs of his in his gizzard. Nor, in thinking over the matter for oneself in a purer Ossianic vein, with the mists round Bencruachan to aid one, do views arise that might not perhaps have presented themselves equally well in London, at the foot of Bendisraeli. Yet here perhaps one sees, with less difficulty than in Pall Mall, that the world on the great scale does not proceed necessarily according to the

calculations of those, in this country, who are concerned officially with the routine of affairs, but does proceed much rather according to those generalized notions of political tendency which may be framed by free speculative minds, compounding their own ideas of what is right and symmetrical with accurate observations of the desires contemporaneously felt by large masses of men. A while ago all save a few persons among us refused the idea of Italian unity as too simple and chimerical. *Now* who is there that does not assume the necessity of Italian unity as a political axiom, and forget that he ever thought otherwise? Yet, notwithstanding this Italian precedent, a united Germany was still voted a dream. It was Pan-Teutonism, and could anything describable by such a name ever come to pass? No, Germany must remain as it was—the idea-shop of Europe, the manufactory of encyclopædias, and of profound treatises in philosophy, philology, and every department of science, for Frenchmen to popularize and Britons to crib from! Better for this function that she should continue a congeries of states, each with its court and its university! What capacity for political action could ever be looked for in the Germans—fellows discussing everything in endless sentences and words three inches long, and evolving fundamental ideas of dromedaries out of the depths of their moral consciousness? Lo! here again we were out in our reckonings. A while ago we began to hear of a Prussian minister named Bismarck. We did not know what to make of him; but, as appearances went, it really did not appear much amiss when we defined him as a Prussian Strafford, trying on the old absolutist game by the side of a Prussian Charles the First, and likely to make a similar end. But Bismarck, it seems, if a Strafford in methods, had aims and opportunities the consciousness of which may have made him feel that he would emerge at length a very different figure, even in popular estimation, from his supposed English prototype. Some years ago there ran about a saying

attributed to the French emperor. In a *tête-à-tête* with Cavour, it was said, the Arbiter, becoming confidential and oracular over a cigar, used these words: "I will tell you something, Count. There are at present three, and only three, men in Europe. I am one of these; you are the second; and the third—who the third is I am not at liberty to tell you." People have been wondering since who the third unnamed man was, and I have heard two or three proposed for the blank place. What if the emperor had only an intuition of the advent of *some* great unknown? And what if this unknown was Bismarck? In what a position this man now stands, and with what a fortnight's work accomplished! Prussia, the Prussia that men used to laugh at, aggrandized into a power that may even be defiant, and having it now almost in her option whether she will sink her probationary name of Prussia altogether and transmute herself and her clients into a single Germany! At all events, the existence of a real Germany of large extent is secured, and so the West of Europe is brought more nearly into that condition which the soundest political thinkers have been desiring—no longer dominated by the single power of France, but consisting of several consolidated great powers, whereof France and Germany may be in equipoise. True, by this improved consolidation of the West, involving as it does the extinction or attenuation of Austria, the East of Europe, with its medley of Slavonian and other races, is thrown more manifestly than before into a state of chaos. But this increased dislocation of the East, this surrender of its medley of races more avowedly than before to the chances of fermentation and conflict among themselves under the vigilant eyes of Russia, is a cheap price to pay for what has been won in the West. Whatever betide, the East cannot be worse off than it has been. Whether we regard the interests of the East or the West, the attenuation or extinction of Austria need not send us into very deep mourning. There are among us

some with whom the phrase *Austria est delenda* has long been well-nigh a summary of their whole foreign politics. By most this was felt to be going too far, and of late Austria has been in considerable favour in the London clubs and their adjacencies. At the outbreak of the war were there not men, supposed universally to know what is what, who went about explaining the military strength of Austria, and assuring you that she would crumple up Prussia and Italy both together single-handed in a month? But Austria has collapsed, and her prophets are biting their thumbs.

Hark! what sound is that? A piano in these parts? So it seems. Sauntering along the edge of the loch as the evening has begun to darken, and gazing, now at the long ripple as it winds ashore in shallow shingly curves, or round knolly copses, now across at the blackening mass of Bendhuirish opposite, I have come unawares to two up-drawn boats at the foot of a kind of lawn, whence, through some trees, I can discern an old-fashioned white house of the better sort. It is thence that the music reaches me. I approach near enough to see, through a low bow-window, a room in which the lights have just been lit, and a lady is singing. Clearly a daughter of England she, for the song is neither Burns's nor Ossian's. I think I know it; let me listen. Shakespeare's, by Jove—Shakespeare's, from his *Two Gentlemen of Verona*!—

"Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?"

It is beautifully sung, and I listen to the end. Shall I tap on the window and introduce myself to my fair country-woman? Ah! there are always husbands, or brothers, or papas in the way in these cases, and impulses cannot be obeyed, without due ceremonial, even on Loch Etive. I linger for a while, wondering who this English fair one is, whose voice I have heard, but whose form I can see only shadowily. It is as I supposed. There is another shadow—a man's—and the blinds are drawn down. Ah! when shall it be *my* fate

thus to shut myself in warmly, in a parlour on Loch Etive or anywhere else, with a dear one belonging to me? Fond thoughts, away! and let me continue my evening walk by the side of the loch, in the society of black Bendhuirish, and of meditations not too discomposing. On, accordingly, I go, resuming where I left off. But somehow Austria and the song I have heard get jumbled in my musings.

Who is Austria? what is she,
That all our swells commend her?
Dogged, dull, and proud is she:
The heaven such gifts did lend her,
That she might destroy'd be.

Say France, or Spain, or Italy,
I own the nomenclature;
For, if I use my eyes, I see
These actual things in nature;
Even Russia may be said to be.

But what is Austria? Is it fair
To name among the nations
Some Germans who have clutched the hair
Of divers populations,
And, having clutched, keep tugging there?
They had their chance, for so in rough
All nations had beginning;
But Hapsburgs were not wise enough
For any solid winning,
Or else their task was overtaugh.

Then to Austria let us sing,
The world cannot endure her;
She is a doomed and used-up thing;
No statecraft now can cure her:
To Prussia let us garlands bring!

Are there any parties nearer home to whom, while we are about it, we may also bring garlands for their recent merit? The new Conservative Government, for example? It is hardly *my* business to bring them garlands, for, on my way hither from Glasgow, did I not lose part of my luggage for a time, and think I had lost it altogether, and would *that* have happened had the country been still under the Russell-Gladstone administration? Garlands to those who have won garlands, and the Conservative Government are yet but on trial. Let me note, however, in confirmation of the common remark that the Conservatives have the knack of sometimes doing handsome things which the Whigs have neglected to do, their gazetting Mr.

Baker, the African traveller, to a knight-hood, and Captain Grant to a Companionship of the Bath. But, if the garland for this graceful little action does not go to Lord Russell or Mr. Gladstone, what wealth of other garlands to them for their conduct during the late memorable Parliamentary session, as it may be looked back upon by us now, far from the bustle of London, on the quiet edge of Loch Etive! To Mr. Gladstone, above all, for conduct which, if it does not entitle him to Mr. Mill's rather hastily-worded praise of being "the greatest Parliamentary leader that England has seen since the days of the Stuarts," has fastened the eyes of the British people upon him as indubitably the Prime Minister reserved for a time when Liberalism shall mean something larger and more inventive than Palmerstonism. And then Mr. Mill himself! Garlands to him, say I for one, and the selectest that can be woven! The late session, as I have already said, will probably be remembered, some time hence, most significantly by the fact that it was the first Parliament in which Mr. Mill sat. Are not the intellectual memorabilia of the session Mr. Mill's speeches, or passages from them? Despite what the *Saturday Review* says, to the effect that Mr. Mill could have been better employed in instructing the few through fresh speculative treatises, has there not been a decided good in this recent flashing of some of his notions from the Parliamentary house-top? But the *Saturday Review* and others are shocked at his

Parliamentary conduct—shocked that this clearest and most philosophical of political theorists should, in practice and by votes, have allied himself deliberately with the most violent of the extreme minority. This means that they do not agree with him. When matters are fully explained, it will probably appear that a good proportion of Mr. Mill's Parliamentary policy is determined by his desire to see a great many things in our present system destroyed, and his consequent wish in the meantime to increase to the utmost, and sharpen to the keenest, the available disintegrating agency. He holds much *in retentis*, and, if he is spared for a Parliamentary career of any length, we shall probably see his subtle influence and authority introducing substantial novelties into the creed of British Liberalism.

There now! In thinking here, by the loch's lip, of Mr. Mill and the *Saturday Review*, and stretching out my hands for imaginary garlands, I have stepped into the creek of a burn flowing from the moor into the loch. It is almost pitch-dark here at this spot, though I can see the shimmering stretch of the loch, and the gloomy mountain-mass opposite rising gauntly into the sky. Across the loch, from the mountain, seeming in the distance like one repeated cry of human pain, comes the bleating of innumerable lambs. Let me turn my steps to my temporary home. Would that it were to that white house, with the lighted bow-window, where I heard the lady singing!